

Johnson was tortured with doubt about whether to retire from public life in 1964. It was a letter from his wife, Lady Bird, that prompted a dramatic last-minute decision

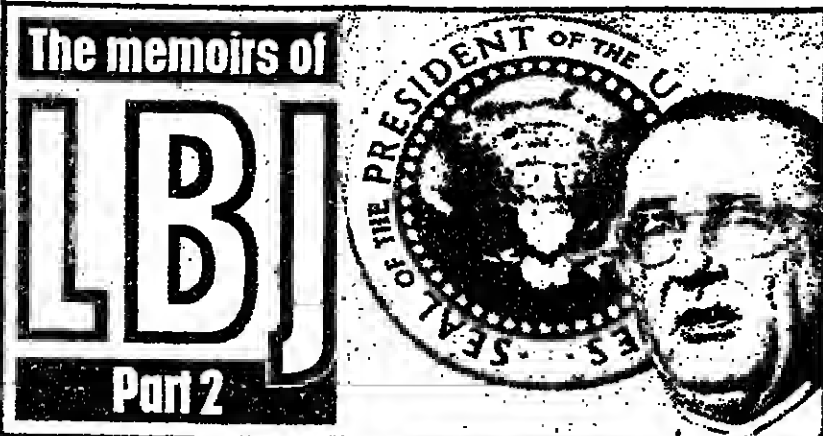
EVERY PRESIDENT has to establish with the various sectors of the country what I call "the right to govern." Just being elected to the office does not guarantee him that right. Every president has to inspire the confidence of the people. Every president has to become a leader. I had to be a leader he must attract people who are willing to follow him. Every President has to develop a moral underpinning to power, or he soon discovers that he has no power at all.

For me, that presented special problems. In spite of more than two decades in public service, new I was an unknown quantity to many of my countrymen. I to much of the world when first assumed office. I suffered other handicap, since I had no to the Presidency not through the collective will of the people but in the wake of Kennedy. I had no mandate from voters.

A few people were openly sceptical about my becoming President. They found it impossible to transfer their intense loyalties from one President to another. I could understand this, although complicated my task. Others were apprehensive. This was particularly true within the black community. Just when the blacks had had their hopes for equality and justice raised, after stories of misery and despair, they awoke one morning to discover that their future was in the hands of a President born in the South.

Yet I knew it was imperative that I grasp the reins of power without delay. Any hesitation or waver, any false step, any sign of self-doubt, could have been disastrous. The nation was in a state of shock and grief. The crisis cried out for leadership.

There was doubt and bewilderment about what had actually happened in Dallas on November 22, 1963, and the uncertainty compounded two days later when Lee Harvey Oswald was shot to death while in the custody of the Dallas police. A horrendous, outraged nation wanted truth and no one could immediately provide it. The entire world was watching us through magnifying glass. Any signs of weakness or indecision could have had grave international consequences—in Berlin, in South Asia, in Latin America. Friends and foe alike had to be convinced that the policies of our country were going to be continued and that we were one undivided in our resolve to maintain international order. Months later Washington optimists would be writing that



WAS I THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE JOB?

I had accomplished a political masterstroke in convincing most of the Kennedy appointees to continue serving in my administration. I saw it neither as political nor as a masterstroke. Rightly or wrongly, I felt from the very first day in office that I had to carry on for President Kennedy. I did what I believed he would have wanted me to do. I eventually developed my own programmes and policies, but I never lost sight of the fact that I was the trustee and custodian of the Kennedy administration.

ON NOVEMBER 22, 1963, I HAD no way of knowing what the future held. All I knew then was that I had inherited a talented staff and a distinguished Cabinet—but I had inherited neither their loyalty nor their enthusiasm. Those I would have to earn. That was the central problem I faced, not just with Kennedy appointees, but with

much of the federal bureaucracy, with the Congress, and indeed with the entire nation. I had to prove myself.

Another immediate problem that confronted me was the mammoth task of preparing a \$100 billion budget for the federal government in less than two months. Finally, I knew I must break the legislative deadlock which had delayed most of President Kennedy's programmes on Capitol Hill. Congressional foot-dragging and refusal to enact vitally needed legislation were developing into a national crisis.

In all these areas time was the enemy. During my first 30 days in office I believe I averaged no more than four or five hours' sleep a night. If I had a single moment when I could go off alone, relax, and forget the pressures of business, I don't recall it.

Fortunately, a period of relative quiet enabled me to buy a little time on the international front, so that I was able to devote most of my energies to domestic concerns.

On Saturday morning, November 23, I walked into Mac Bundy's office in the basement of the White House and received an international intelligence briefing from John McCone, Director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Bundy's office was just a few yards away from the Situation Room—a 24-hour-a-day nerve centre for all our diplomatic and intelligence activities. I had been in that windowless room before, during the Cuban missile crisis, waiting to learn whether the Russian response to our naval blockade would be reason or international suicide. I was to spend many more anxious hours there in the years ahead. But on that sad November morning in 1963 the international front was about as peaceful as it ever gets in these turbulent times.

I was reassured to learn that there was nothing that required an immediate decision. McCone, a grey-haired, soft-spoken man, led me on a tour of the troubled globe, pointing out areas of unrest, international subversion, and potential crisis. I listened and asked an occasional question.

Only South Vietnam gave me real cause for concern. But compared with later periods, even the situation in Vietnam at that point appeared to be relatively free from the pressure of immediate decisions.

The most important foreign policy problem I faced was that of signalling to the world what kind of man I was. It was important that there be no hesitancy on my part—nothing to indicate that the US Government had faltered. It was equally important for the world to understand that I intended to continue the Government's established foreign policies—firmness on the one hand and an effort to thaw the Cold War on the other.

I pledged to the Congress, and to the country on nationwide television, that the United States would keep its commitments "from South Vietnam to West Berlin." On December 17 I addressed the UN General Assembly, stating that it was this nation's policy to help create a world that "can be safe for diversity and free from hostility."

On Monday, November 25, I met with President Charles de Gaulle of France. Just a few hours before our conversation, I received a report from Paris of a recent meeting between de Gaulle and an allied Ambassador. They had discussed what the European response would be in the event of a Soviet invasion of Western Europe. President de Gaulle, according to the report, had said that the United States could not be counted on in such an emergency. He mentioned that the United States had been late in arriving in two world wars and that it had required the holocaust of Pearl Harbour to bring us into the latter.

With this account fresh in my mind, I met with the French President. The General spoke of the affection that both he and the French people had felt for John Kennedy. He then went on to say that the difficulties between our two countries had been greatly exaggerated, and that while changing times called for certain adjustments in our respective roles, the important thing was that Frenchmen knew perfectly well they could count on the United States if France were attacked.

I stared hard at the French President, suppressing a smile. In the years that followed, when de Gaulle's criticism of our role in Vietnam became intense, I had many occasions to remember that conversation. The French leader doubted—in private, at least—the will of the United States to live up to its commitments. He did not believe we would honour our NATO obligations, yet he criticised us for honouring a commitment elsewhere in the world.

In spite of all this, I decided that the interests of our two nations were too close for me to indulge in petty hickering. I made it a rule for myself and for the US Government simply to ignore President de Gaulle's attacks on our policies. Nothing he could say would, in my judgment, divert the French people from their friendship with the American people, a friendship firmly rooted in history.

Having met with the leader of France, our oldest ally, I turned to our relations with an adversary: the Soviet Union. On Tuesday morning, November 26, Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan came to my office. I knew that I was dealing with one of the shrewdest men ever to come up through the Communist hierarchy. One of the few surviving Bolsheviks with real power, Mikoyan had been brought to Moscow by Stalin in 1926, had escaped innumerable purges, and had demonstrated an uncanny ability to survive.

We talked for 55 minutes and the conversation was not all diplomatic pleasantries. I remembered how Nikita Khrushchev had misjudged President Kennedy's character and underestimated his toughness after their 1961 meeting in Vienna. I considered it essential to let Mikoyan understand that while the United States wanted peace more than anything else in the world, it would not allow its interests, or its friends' and allies' interests, to be trampled by aggression or subversion.

I told him that from the point of view of the United States peace and friendship between our two nations were constantly being strained by the Castro-promoted subversion in Latin America. Mikoyan's black eyes flashed. He said he could not understand how such a small nation as Cuba could subvert anyone, let alone a big power.

It was a cat-and-mouse game. I had seen a large number of reliable intelligence reports on Castro's activities throughout the hemisphere, and Mikoyan obviously knew that. I said that the United States had no plans to invade Cuba and that we believed there was no justification for Cuba to invade others "by subversion or otherwise."

I did not expect Mikoyan to admit that Castro was exporting his revolution. But I did want him to get the message that we would not tolerate this. We ended the meeting on a note of hope. I handed him a letter to



In the White House, LBJ and Lady Bird Johnson discuss whether he should run in 1964. "I felt a strong inclination to go back to Texas... I believed I could retire in good conscience." But Lady Bird wrote to him: "To step out now would be wrong for your country"

take to Chairman Khrushchev expressing my desire to ease the tensions between our nations. The letter said:

In addition to the public message which I have sent to you, I should like you to know that I have kept in close touch with the development of relations between the United States and the Soviet Union and that I have been in full accord with the policies of President Kennedy. I hope that we can make progress in improving our relations and in resolving the many serious problems that face us.

JOHN KENNEDY had been murdered, and a troubled, puzzled, and outraged nation wanted to know the facts.

Some very disturbing facts about Lee Harvey Oswald were coming to light—notably, that he considered himself a Communist, that he had once given up his citizenship to live in Russia, and that when he finally returned to the United States, with a Russian wife, he immediately hoisted the banner of Fidel Castro.

What did all this mean? Was Oswald the killer? If so, was he carrying out orders from someone else? Did he have accomplices or did he act alone? There was hope, at least, that Oswald would supply the answers. But on Sunday, November 24, with millions of people watching on their television sets, Jack Ruby, a previously anonymous nightclub operator, walked calmly into the garage of the Dallas jail and shot Lee Harvey Oswald to death. The answers were lost, perhaps for all time.

With that single shot the outrage of a nation turned to scepticism and doubt. The atmosphere was poisonous and had to be cleared. I was aware of some of the implications that grew out of that scepticism and doubt. Russia was not immune to them. Neither was Cuba. Neither was Texas. Neither was the new President of the United States.

Lady Bird had told me a story when I finally arrived at home in north-west Washington on the night of November 22. She and Liz Carpenter (her Press Secretary) had driven home immediately after our arrival at the White House, while I stayed on to work. On their way to our house, Liz had commented: "It's a terrible thing to say, but the salvation of Texas is that the Governor was hit."

And Lady Bird replied: "Don't

think I haven't thought of that. I only wish it could have been me."

Out of the nation's suspicions the Warren Commission was born. I don't believe I ever considered anyone but Chief Justice Earl Warren for chairman. I was not an intimate of the Chief Justice. We had never spent ten minutes alone together, but to me he was the personification of justice and fairness in this country.

I knew it was not a good precedent to involve the Supreme Court in such an investigation. Chief Justice Warren knew this too and was vigorously opposed

to it. I called him in anyway. Before he came, he sent word through a third party that he would not accept the assignment.

When the Chief Justice came into my office and sat down, I told him that I knew what he was going to say to me but that there was one thing no one else had said to him: In World War One he had put a rifle to his shoulder and offered to give his life, if necessary, to save his country. When the country is confronted with threatening divisions and suspicions, I said, and its foundation is being rocked, and the President of the United States

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says that you are the only man who can handle the matter, you won't say "no," will you?

He swallowed hard and said, "No, sir."

I had always had great respect for Chief Justice Warren. From that moment on I became his great advocate as well.

If the days immediately following John Kennedy's death called for leadership, they also underlined the need for a renewed sense of national unity. I saw my primary task as building a consensus throughout the country, so that we could stop bickering and quarrelling and get on with the job at hand. Unfortunately, the word "consensus" came to be profoundly misunderstood.

What consensus meant to some people was a search for the lowest common denominator. Nothing could be further from the truth. In politics the lowest common denominator almost invariably means inaction, and that was the last thing we could afford.

To me, consensus meant, first, deciding what needed to be done regardless of the political implications and, second, convincing a majority of the Congress and the American people of the necessity for doing those things. I was President of the United States at a crucial point in its history, and if a President does not lead he is abandoning the prime and indisputable obligation of the Presidency. We did build a consensus. I think we did convince the vast majority of Americans that the time for positive action had arrived.

Teddy Roosevelt used to call the Presidency a "hulky pulpit." During my first 30 days in office I preached many sermons from that pulpit. I knew I had to secure the co-operation of the people who were the natural leaders of the nation. I talked with those

leaders, from every walk of life.

I talked with the Cabinet members and I impressed on them the fact that even though John Kennedy was dead, it was the responsibility of every one of us to keep the business of the country moving ahead. I spoke with black groups and with individual leaders of the black community and told them that John Kennedy's dream of equality had not died with him. I talked regularly with the congressional leaders from both sides of the aisle and urged them to start the legislative machinery moving forward. I pleaded. I reasoned. I argued. I urged. I warned.

But I didn't just talk: I listened carefully to what my visitors had to say. After I had listened, I always returned to my basic theme: People must put aside their selfish aims in the larger cause of the nation's interest. They must start trusting each other; they must start communicating with each other; and they must start working together.

Much of the job of building a consensus had to be accomplished before John Kennedy was buried, while the flags hung at half-staff in the grey chill that had settled over the Capitol and before we had paid our final tribute to the fallen President. For me, those days were marked by a strange counterpoint. There was the frenzied pace of meetings and briefings held behind closed doors, then the measured cadence of the funeral march.

I remember marching behind the caisson to St. Matthew's Cathedral. The muffled rumble of drums set up a heartbreaking echo off the buildings along Seventeenth Street and Connecticut Avenue. I remember the long procession that wound its way to Arlington National Cemetery. We stood in chill and silence for the final firing of salute and the folding of the flag—then made our way back across the river to the waiting

appointments, the manifold meetings, the ringing phones, the stacks of reading material, the endless, unavoidable, demanding details.

I saw Mrs Kennedy often and spoke with her regularly on the phone. She wrote me on November 26, thanking me for walking behind President Kennedy's coffin to the church. "You did not have to do that—I am sure many people forbid you to take such a risk—but you did it anyway," she wrote. Once, on the telephone, she insisted that I take a nap every day to conserve my energy. "It changed Jack's whole life after he became President," she said. And in the depth of her mourning, she had the thoughtfulness to call us from the White House on Thanksgiving evening to wish us well.

The most significant advantage I had during the transition period was a genuine desire for national unity on the part of most people. Americans had learned, in the cruellest way possible, where hatred and divisiveness could lead the nation, and I think they were ready to try another route. My task was to show them the way, using the "bully pulpit" of the Presidency. Those were frantic days. I recall holding my first news conference on December 7 and being asked how I felt about the prospect of spending my first night in the White House—that evening.

"I feel like I have already been here a year," I replied.

Under our system of government, with its clearly defined separation of powers, the greatest threat to the Chief Executive—a "right to govern" comes traditionally from the Congress. Congress is jealous of its prerogatives. All too often that jealousy turns into a stubborn refusal to co-operate in any way with the Chief Executive.

The Congress had been in such a mood from the first day that John Kennedy took office in 1961, and the situation had

been getting worse. An entire programme of social legislation proposed by President Kennedy—from aid to education to food stamps to civil rights—remained bottled up in committee.

This situation had grown so intolerable that when I assumed office, a month before the end of the year, more than half of the appropriations bills remained unpassed—which meant that the federal government had been operating on billions of dollars' worth of promises since July 1. We had not faced a similar situation in 32 years. I remember talking Senator Dirksen that "we're going to be in a hell of a shape if the Congress won't even pass its own bills."

Two bills headed my list of priorities, not only because of their merits and the national needs they represented but also because of their symbolic importance. If we could get the tax reduction bill and the civil rights bill passed, we would win valuable prestige in re-establishing some degree of Executive leadership in Congress.

The key to the tax reduction bill was the budget. The budget recommended to President Kennedy shortly before his death was \$102.3 billion. The revenue estimates were \$93.1 billion. These figures indicated a deficit of \$9 billion. To ask the Congress to reduce taxes in the face of a budget imbalance amounting to \$9 billion was the nearest thing to asking it to pass a joint resolution endorsing sin.

I spread the word as quickly and as clearly as I could: Start reviewing the budget, start cutting expenditures; nothing is sacred. My fiscal advisers argued against budget reduction. They reiterated that we needed a tax cut to stimulate the economy.

I told them they might be able to sell me on the New Economics, but not Senator Harry Byrd.

I worked as hard on that budget as I have ever worked on anything. To the average



Johnson meeting those most affected by his War on Poverty and civil rights Bill—"I believed that a huge injustice had been perpetrated for hundreds of years, on every black man, woman and child."

citizen, the federal budget is a dry, unfathomable maze of figures and statistics—duller than a telephone directory. In reality, it is a human document affecting the daily lives of every American. Every cut in the budget affects some segment of our society, so cuts are never made casually. Day after day I went over that budget. I studied almost every line, nearly every page, until I was dreaming about the budget at night.

When I delivered my first State of the Union message to the Congress—on January 8—I tried to impart a sense of urgency by discussing first the tax cut and then the 1965 budget. I announced that the budget I would soon submit would be the smallest since 1951 in proportion to our gross national product. At \$97.9 billion, \$4 billion less than the

previous year's request, this budget allowed us to cut our projected deficit in half.

The Civil Rights Bill—designed to end segregation in public restaurants and hotels—was another matter. Civil rights was both an emotional and a moral issue. It contained the seeds of rebellion on Capitol Hill—not just over civil rights, but over my entire legislative programme. As a moral issue, however, it could not be avoided regardless of the outcome. John Nance Garner, a great legislative tactician, as well as a good poker player, once told me that there comes a time in every leader's career when he has to put in all his stack. I decided to shove in all my stack on this vital measure.

I did so against the advice of advisers whose judgment I greatly respected. I remember two particularly heated debates in the first few days of my Presidency: one at my home, The Elms, and another in my office in the Executive Office Building. Some of those present urged me not to push for the Civil Rights Bill. They did not think the Bill could be passed.

"Mr President," one of them said, "you should not lay the prestige of the Presidency on the line."

"What's it for if it's not to be laid on the line?" I asked. But the issue could not be avoided. I was not just the President of Southern Americans or white Americans. I was the President of all Americans. I believed that a huge injustice had been perpetrated for hundreds of years on every black man, woman, and child in the United States. I did not think that our nation could endure much longer as a viable democracy if that injustice were allowed to continue.

There was a consensus—a broad, deep and genuine consensus among most groups within our diverse society—which would hold together. I hoped and prayed long enough for the important tasks to be accomplished.

We won our first big test with the Congress. We pruned the budget far below the level that anyone had believed possible, and we put the power and prestige of the Presidency solidly behind the most sweeping Civil Rights Bill since Reconstruction. I felt so confident about having broken the legislative logjam that I thought it was safe to add some proposals—including a comprehensive and unprecedented poverty measure—to the list of "must legislation" for the coming session.

The next ten months saw the passage of the Tax Bill, the Civil Rights Bill, the War on Poverty, the Urban Mass Transit Act, the Housing Act, and the Wilderness Areas Act. The next ten months also saw a new spirit of co-operation among our people, a national commitment to the cause of civil rights, new initiatives in the field of international disarmament, and a surge of fresh vitality in our economy.

Looking back, I believe that John Kennedy would have approved of the way his successor brought the nation together and mobilised its energies in the wake of tragedy, uncertainty and doubt. That remains one of the great satisfactions of my Presidency.

I HAD COME to the White House in the cruellest way possible, as the result of a murderer's bullet. I had taken my oath of office in a climate of national anguish. I knew clearly enough, in those early months in the White House, that the Presidency of the United States was a prize with a heavy price. Scathing attacks had begun almost immediately, not only on me but on members of my family. I knew that unfounded rumours, crass speculations, remorseless criticism, and even insult would intensify in a political campaign.

There was, in addition, the constant uncertainty as to whether my health would stand up through a full four-year term. The strain of my work in the Senate had helped to bring on my severe heart attack when

I was only 46. Now I was nine years older. All these considerations made retirement look exceedingly welcome. I felt a strong inclination to go back to Texas while there still was time—time to enjoy life with my wife and my daughters, to slow down, to reflect, to live. I had spent three decades of my life in public service, and I had given the best I had to every position of public trust I ever held, including the Presidency. I believed I could retire in good conscience.

I discussed this matter with several people—Senator Dick Russell of Georgia, Walter Jenkins of my staff, friends from home like Jesse Kellam and Judge A. W. Moursund, and, of course, Lady Bird. She and I went over it many times, from every viewpoint. That spring of 1964 I asked her to summarise and put down on paper the pros and cons and her own conclusions. This was the memo she gave me on May 14, written by hand on several sheets torn from a stenographer's notebook:

IF YOU DO GET OUT:
We will most probably return to the ranch to live.

1. In the course of the next few months—or until we are forgotten—we will be criticised and our motives questioned. "What skeletons in the closet"—what fear of what disclosures—caused you to make this decision? etc., etc.

That will be painful.
2. There will be a wave of feeling, national this time and not largely statewide of—"You let us down"—keeo, even bitter disappointment—similar to the wave of feeling after you accepted the Vice-Presidency job with Kennedy.

This will be more painful.
3. You may live longer, and certainly you will have more time for the hill country you love, and for me and Lynda and Luci. And that we'll all love.

But Lynda and Luci will in a year or so cease to be permanent residents of our life—only available for occasional companionship.
4. You will have various ranch lands, small banking interests, and presumably the TV to use up your talents and your hours.

They are chicken-feed compared to what you are used to. That may be relaxing for a while. I think it is not enough for you at 56. And I dread seeing you semi-idle, frustrated, looking back at what you left. I dread seeing you look at Mr X running the country and thinking you could have done it better.

You may look around for a scape-goat I do not want to be it.

You may drink too much—for lack of a higher calling.
IF YOU DO NOT GET OUT:
You will most probably be elected President.

1. In the course of the campaign and in the ensuing years, you—and I—and the children—will certainly get criticised and cut up, for things we have done, or maybe partly-in-a-way have done—and for others that we never did at all.

That will be painful.
2. You are bound to make some bad decisions, be unable to achieve some high-vaulting ambitions, be disappointed at the inadequacies of some helpers—or perhaps of your own.

That will be painful even more.
3. You may die earlier than you would otherwise. Nobody can tell that—as the last six months show....

MY CONCLUSIONS:
Stay in.

Realise it's going to be rough—but remember we worry much in advance about troubles that never happen!

Pace yourself, within the limits of your personality.
If you lose in November—it's all settled anyway!

If you win, let's do the best we can for 3 years and 3 or 4 months—and then, the Lord letting us live, that long, annunciate in February March, 1968, that you are not a candidate for re-election.

You'll then be 59, and by the end of that term a mellow 60, and I believe the juices of life will be stilled enough to let you come home in relative peace and acceptance. (We may even have grandchildren.)

Through our years together I have come to value Lady Bird's opinion of me, my virtues and flaws. I have found her judgment generally excellent. But in this instance although I respected her logic, I was not convinced. As spring of 1964 turned to summer and then summer began to pass, I remained uncertain.

This period was, to be sure, a time of many great achievements. Our efforts to get a solid programme through Congress were bearing fruit. The tax bill, the civil rights bill, the farm bill, and the anti-poverty bill were all put on the books. But with all the triumphs there were troubles too. In July, scarcely two weeks after the landmark Civil Rights Act of 1964 was passed, Negro rioters went on the rampage in Harlem and Brooklyn, Rochester, New York, and New Jersey. And early in August US Navy ships were attacked in the Gulf of Tonkin.

No one could then predict the scope of the problems that the riots or the Tonkin Gulf incident represented, but it was clear that both events fore-shadowed dark days of trial ahead. I believe that the nation could successfully weather the ordeals it faced only if the people were united. I deeply feared that I would not be able to keep the country consolidated and bound together.

The burden of national unity rests heaviest on one man, the President. And I did not believe, any more than I ever had, that the nation would unite indefinitely behind any Southerner. I was convinced that the metropolitan press of the Eastern seaboard would never permit it. My experience in office had confirmed this reaction. I was not thinking just of the derisive articles about my style, my clothes, my manner, my accent, and my family—although I admit I received enough of that kind of treatment in my first few months as President to last a lifetime. I was also thinking of a more deep-seated and far-reaching attitude—a disdain for the South that seems to be woven into the fabric of Northern experience.

So throughout the spring and summer months of 1964, while it was widely and positively assumed that I would be the Democratic nominee, I privately wrestled with grave doubts.

I did not decide, fully and finally, until three o'clock on the afternoon of August 25, the day after the Democratic convention opened in Atlantic City. All the doubts that had been plaguing me for so long came to a head that morning. I knew all too well that time was running out and that an irreversible decision would soon have to be made. I sat at my desk in the Oval Office and wrote out the following statement on a yellow pad:

Forty-four months ago I was selected to be the Democratic Vice-President. Because I felt I could best serve my country and my party, I left the Majority Leadership of the Senate to seek the Vice-Presidential post, believing I could help unify the country and thus better serve it.

In the time given me, I did my best. On that fateful day last year I accepted the responsibilities of the Presidency, asking God's guidance and the help of all of the people. For nine months I've carried on as effectively as I could.

Our country faces grave dangers. These dangers must be faced and met by a united people under a leader they do not doubt.

After 33 years in political life most men acquire enemies, as ships accumulate barnacles. The times require leadership about which there is no doubt and a voice that men of all parties, sections and colour can follow.

I have learned after trying very hard that I am out of this voice or that leader.

Therefore, I shall carry forward with your help until the new President is sworn in next January, and then go back home as I've wanted to since the day I took this job.

As soon as I had finished writing, I read the statement over the phone to George Reedy, my Press secretary. Reedy said my decision had come too late and that my refusal to run would "just give the country to Goldwater." I replied that I would trust the democratic processes under which the country had been operating for 200 years. I told him I would decide by three o'clock that afternoon.

Later that day I received a note from my wife. It read:

You are as brave a man as Harry Truman—or FDR—or Lincoln. You can go on to find some peace, some achievement amidst all the pain. You have been strong, patient, determined beyond any words of mine to express. I honour you for it. So does most of the country.

To step out now would be wrong for your country, and I can see nothing but a lonely wasteland for your future. Your friends would be frozen in embarrassed silence and your enemies jeering.

I am not afraid of Time or lies or losing money or defeat in the final analysis. I can't carry any of the burdens you talked of—so I know it's only your choice. But I know you are as brave as any of the 35 I love you always.

In a few words she hit me on two most sensitive and compelling points, telling me that what I had planned to do would be wrong for my country and that it would show a lack of courage on my part. The message I read most clearly in her note to me was that my announcement to the 1964 convention that I would not run would be taking the easy way out.

I decided finally that afternoon, after reversing my position of the morning and with a reluctance known to very few people, that I would accept my party's nomination.

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Extracted from *The Untouchable Point* by Lyndon Baines Johnson, to be published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson on January 20, 1972, at £5.50.



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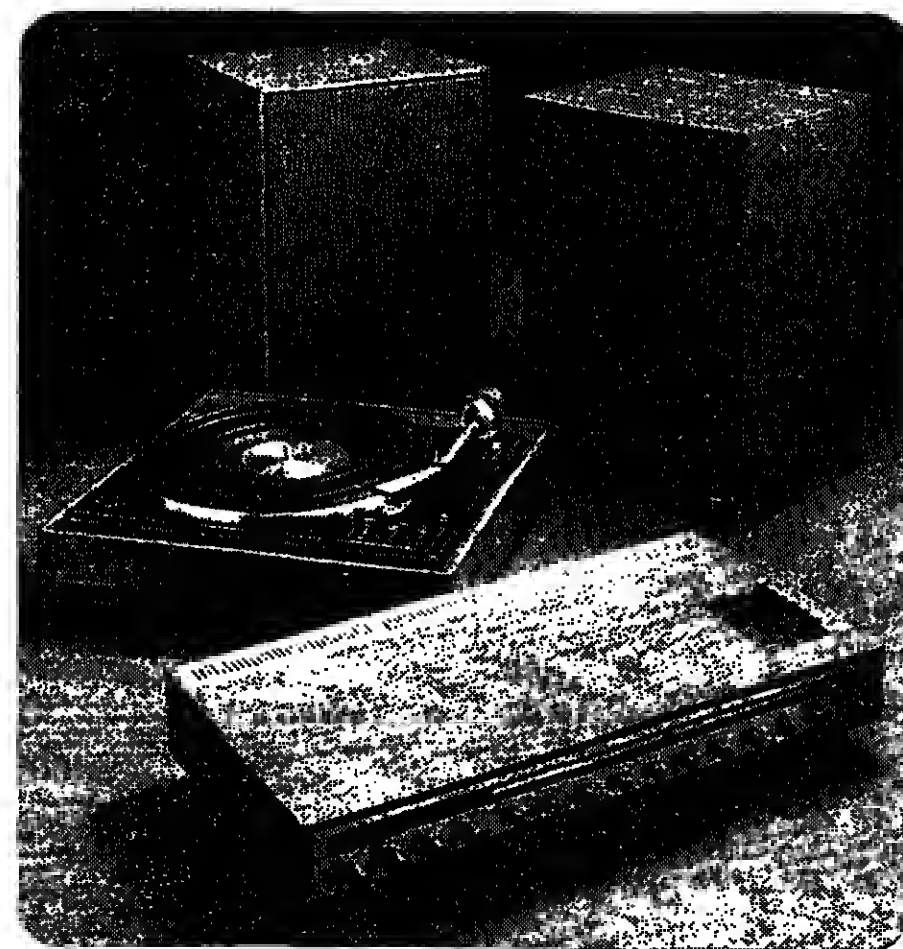
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PHILIP OAKES TALKS TO DENNIS POTTER
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THE SUNDAY TIMES

THE ARTS

Cyril Connolly discusses the birthpangs of one of the century's greatest poems, Eliot's *The Waste Land*

THE POET'S WORKSHOP

AWAITED and well worth the waiting, a new edition of *The Waste Land*: A Facsimile Transcript, edited by Valerie Eliot, pp. 25 pp. 1481, with all its corrections and lost excisions, is a joy to hold and to read: a monument to the dead poet and the living poet, Ezra Pound and Valerie Eliot, who to breathe upon his ashes. Indispensable to lovers of poetry, students of the early 20th century, and survivors like myself.

Waste Land first appeared in *Number of the Criterion*, at the end of 1922, then in *Dial* (Chicago), then in the American edition in the Hogarth Press Edition, hand-set by Leonard and Virginia Woolf. I read it under duress when it came out, and it has never looked forward. John, the New York lawyer and friend of Pound, and Joyce, the Maecenas of the avant-garde, helped Eliot with the American edition which netted him the *Dial* Prize of \$500. Eliot presented Pound with a manuscript as a token of gratitude and that onate bibliophile (who also owned most of the manuscripts and the bulk of *Ulysses*) about to help Eliot off the hook in *Lloyds* when he died suddenly in 1924.

The manuscript disappeared and was not in the sale. It had reached him in January and formed part of the estate inherited by his sister whose daughter Mrs Conroy only inherited it in storage in the early 1950s. In 1958 she sold the manuscript to the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library for \$10,000. The purchase remained private neither Eliot nor Pound being told about Mrs Eliot was not informed till 1968. The manuscript is partly in holograph but mostly typewritten and there are some fairies; besides her introduction and notes Mrs Eliot also includes the first edition as it originally appeared.

This presentation of Pound's corrections and suggestions are printed in red to distinguish them from Eliot's own alterations and a few remarks by Vivien Eliot, usually red to "Wonderful, wonderful!"

ot submitted the poem to Pound because regarded him as "il miglior fabbro," his mentor and fellow rebel, the best critic of his time. As Eliot was undergoing a mild nervous breakdown he probably felt he needed Pound's judgment to tell him the poem lacked. Pound had already read Yeats's later verse of abstractions: he as Eliot said, "a marvellous critic because

of the "Fire Sermon" and was deleted by Pound, I think correctly. Pound also cut some stanzas, a Baudelairean invocation to London and some further details about the "young man caruncular." Pound's comments here are particularly instructive.

The Shipwreck passage (based on *Ulysses* in Dante and Tennyson) is 80 lines long, in blank verse or rhyming stanzas with echoes of Rimbaud and Conrad. Here Eliot wished to incorporate his New England boyhood, spent among sailing men at Gloucester, Mass., and his knowledge of the sea. He even mentions the "Dry Salvages."

I feel it is better out, for it provides an elaborate setting for the Phlebas verses which gain enormously for their being isolated as the whole of section IV. (Eliot, by now downhearted, proposed to cut them as well, but Pound would not have it.)

As for the last section "What the Thunder said" it was Pound's turn to give up. "OK from here on," he pencils, and suggests only a few small alterations.

The short poems at the end should really belong to "Ara Vos Prec." About the many verbal suggestions and small deletions by Pound there can be only one verdict: they are nearly all improvements. Particularly good are his rearrangements of word order. As Pound wrote to Eliot: "Compromise, you bitch. I am wracked by the seven jealousies." And he sent him his delightful:

SAGE HOMME

These are the poems of Eliot
 By the Uranian muse begot;
 A man their mother was,
 A Muse their Sire.

How did the printed infancies result
 From nuptials thus doubly difficult?

If you must needs enquire
 Know diligent Reader

That on each occasion
 Ezra performed the Caesarean operation.

Mrs Eliot's editing tidies it all up. Her notes and introduction benefit from access to her husband's correspondence.

The final *Waste Land* leaps from passages of immense talent to those, like the last section, of sheer genius where Eliot seems to rise above and out of himself, as in *Ash Wednesday*. What was that self, so austere, so arrogant, so prim and whimsical, so tragic?

The late Robert Sencourt, a New Zealand expatriate high churchman, has tried to explain it in his memoir *T. S. Eliot*, edited by Donald Adamson (Garnstone Press £2.80), defying Eliot's injunction that he did not wish for a biography. The book has been completed, annotated and expanded by Mr Adamson, who seems to possess Sencourt's notes, letters and photographs. There is a formidable array of acknowledgments, although Mrs Eliot has issued a list of twenty-five factual inaccuracies, an unusual proceeding.

It is not difficult to find further inaccuracies in Mr Sencourt. He confuses Marburg with Munich, spells names wrong (Madame des Burges for de Béhague) and borrowings from the extant authorities on Eliot are not invariably acknowledged. What is wrong is the general tone. I am sure the late Robert Sencourt had many interesting things to say, particularly on Eliot's religious life, but the way he said them is creepy, mealy-mouthed, and crypto-malicious. Heaven preserve one from such a biographer. And he writes in fulsome prize-giving journalese, a special style for padding out insufficient data. He would call God by his Christian name.

The main interest of his book, apart from its religious data, is in the light it throws on Eliot's first marriage. Here I can throw a small grenade. Logan Pearsall Smith told me, many years ago, that Eliot had compromised Miss Haigh-Wood (a schoolteacher from Southampton according to Leonard Woolf) and then felt obliged, as an American gentleman, the New England code being stricter than ours, to propose to her. This would account for the furtive nature of the ceremony and for his subsequent recoiling from his conjugal privileges.

It is clear that Vivien's temperament, so closely resembling Zelda Fitzgerald's, was quite unsuited to Eliot's, once their initial pleasures of dancing and poetry had worn off. When she had an affair with Bertrand Russell Eliot must have been almost grateful. She wrote some charming, light-hearted pieces for the *Criterion* (as *Sihya*—see the *Waste Land* epigraph) but became destructive and self-destructive, then took to other (corroborated by Grover Smith and Leonard Woolf in conversation), and finally went mad. Eliot in his turn suffered from guilt and remorse, uncertain how much he was to blame for what might well have happened anyhow.

"The Waste Land" in fact is a poem of a broken marriage, where love survives amid the craters. In Vivien's own hand is the line "What you get married for if you don't want children," which Eliot interpolated before "Hurry up please it's time," while after "Goodnight, sweet ladies" she wrote: "Splendid last lines."

He still loved her at the time of writing "Ash Wednesday" (1930). But, by 1932, the situation was hopeless.

More controversial points are raised over the break with John Hayward, by which time Mr Sencourt has lost much of his credibility.

Meanwhile we await Mrs Eliot's "Correspondence," and perhaps the publication of the Quinn notebook.



Richard Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier* returns to Covent Garden on Thursday. The original Marschallin of Ludovic Visconti's production, Sena Purina (left), returns too, with Brigitte Fassbaender (right) making her British debut as Octavian. Lucia Popp sings Sophie and Ermanno Mauro takes the part of the Italian Singer. The conductor is Josef Krips

NEWS IN THE ARTS

The Twenty who wrote one novel

KENNETH PEARSON

that back into next season's repertoire and will add the Entertainers to it. Cox, aged 38, started at Glyndebourne as an assistant to Carl Ebert and Gunter Rennert in 1959 and continued as an assistant producer until 1963. He went back there in 1970. Cox hopes to be able to do more Strauss in Sussex.

• New eruptions

THE GEOLOGICAL Museum at South Kensington is getting a £125,000 face-lift incorporating an exhibition called "The Story of the Earth." Banish thoughts of beautiful but static lumps of rock. This display will move with film and back projection, an imaginative leap in the business of education through entertainment. The two men behind it are the museum's curator Dr Fred Dunning and freelance designer James Gardner. Dunning is one of the younger generation of museum leaders: charming, tough, and fighting for visitors. Some 410,000 customers go through the Geological doors each year and they might soon notice that such department headliners as "Stratigraphic Paleontology" have become simply "British Fossils." NASA is giving Dunning a chunky helping of Moon rock for his new show which will be ready next autumn.

• Kodak cash

I MUST confess I was a little sceptical when Lord Eccles began to appeal to private industry for more support for the arts. But maybe his appeals are paying off. Kodak are giving £3,000 to the Arts Council's Victorian photography exhibition which Robin Wade is designing for them at the Victoria and Albert Museum next spring. Player's have upped their grant to the National Film Theatre by £2,500, providing £10,000 for the enterprising John Player lectures 1972. Now National Heritage, the museum ginger group, are asking industry for large sums of money in order that an annual prize of £1,000 can be awarded to the museum which does most to improve itself in a fairly radical way.

• Lone Winner

MICHAEL WINNER, the rumbustious hubbly of British film-making, so far of thirteen features, gets his first crack at the Hollywood scene in December. Then he will collect his cameras, crews and actors in downtown Los Angeles to shoot *The Mechanic*, the story of an assassin sent to the USA. The film in fact is another look at

contemporary American mores. Winner has Charles Bronson to play the gunman, and as script-writer Lewis John Carlinio, the author who scripted *The Brotherhood* and *The Fox* among many other films. Cinema slumps don't seem to happen around Mr Winner.

• Music battles

FACES AT the top are changing fast. Nothing could be truer in the world of music, where agents, those spotters and nurseries of emerging talent, are growing younger every day. For years and years the music agency field has been dominated by Jbbs and Tillet, especially in dealing with the scores of music societies in Britain, whose annual lungings into the Messiah could mean the employment of four hundred freelance soloists. A second generation of agents - cum - impresarios arose after the war with the appearance of Ian Hunter and others. Now, the third generation is making its mark, all epitomised by the formation of the HHH concert agency, a combine of Inghen and Williams, Harrison and Parrott, and Christopher Hunt. They've all combined for music society work but the creative side of the business includes Ashkenazy, Previn, Anne Howells and 200 others, might be said to offer competition to the agency elite.

• Local non-payers

WITH THE REGIONAL arts associations so well established now, it is still surprising how little some local authorities contribute to the cultural welfare of its ratepayers. The South-West Arts Association has just published its annual report and this demonstrates the point. Though the Arts Council has given the group £38,000 for the 1971/2 year, local authority contributions amount only to £12,000, nowhere near the pound-for-pound the Arts Council hopes for. However, the important demand of the arts associations that there are Arts Council supplementary grants worth £30,000 on the way.

• What-price art?

THE HAYWARD GALLERY is making plans for its Rothko show in February, and on that exhibition hangs the future of the catalogue. The Rothko book will sell at £2 or over, but in exchange contain at least six pictures in colour. (I paid £2 in Paris the other day for the Bacon catalogue and that contained seventy-five colour plates.) People will pay these prices for quality. The Tantra exhibition currently at the Hayward has a catalogue selling at £1.50 a copy and they are going by the hundreds. It does contain a lot of erotic imagery, and that might help. Anyway, the Tantra and the Los Angeles shows are so popular that they are being held over to the end of this week.

• In the dark

I GET SO confused with the National Theatre. They've just told me that they are opening O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* on the Shortest Day of the Year.

The Bruckner scale

MUSIC □ DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

IT CANNOT now be said, as it certainly could before the war, that the musical public has no chance of acquainting itself with Bruckner. The two symphonies that occupied places of honour in the Festival Hall programmes of the past week (the Seventh on Wednesday by the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Regional Goodall playing for the Royal Philharmonic Society, the Eighth on Thursday by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Rudolf Kempe) were no isolated events; both drew full houses and the regulation shouts of applause as the carriage-and-four finally thundered home.

Magnitude itself, we should recognise, has become a potent source of appeal. The sheer scale of Wagner's "Ring" seems to attract thousands who think less of those finer scores, "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger"; Mahler's gigantic Eighth, by no means his best symphony, can always be relied on to draw the biggest crowds while among living composers both Messiaen and Stockhausen seem to have benefited from the vast scale on which they frequently operate.

The young, it seems, are peculiarly susceptible to the lure of the outside; at that age we positively need, and relish, the challenge of an artistic Everest. I remember the enthusiasm with which I used to sit through (I am not sure that I didn't once stand through) those complete six-hour performances that Esme Percy gave of Shaw's "Man and Superman"; none of our little gang would have admitted boredom during a single one of the tirades of the "Don Juan in Hell" interlude.

All of which leads me to the sad confession that, not having caught the Bruckner bug in my youth, I am by now the wrong age to succumb altogether to his mammoth blandishments. Certainly I enjoy revisiting, from time to time, those magnificently rolling and spacious landscapes; I admire the view. So I gradually become aware, does the composer: he has relaxed on a "Rest-and-be-thankful" seat and is fanning himself with his broad bat before striking off on another path. I follow him; the new path is no less alluring, and leads to still grander and more dramatic about, scan the far horizon, return on our tracks, even indulge in draughts of beer and bouts of rustic merriment at an alpine inn. A good time is had; but long before we reach home I feel exhausted.

What proves exhausting is not so much the sheer length of the symphonies as the squareness of their layout and scheme. The thematic material itself is often very beautiful and by no means square: the wonderful cello melody, for example, that opens the seventh symphony is finely varied both in phrase length and in harmonic movement; and it is not exceptional. But a glance through any movement in a Bruckner score will soon reveal, even to the eyes, four-bar and eight-bar phrases and sequences laid out with the monotony of a municipal flower-bed; and it is the squareness and predictability of his schemes that can do most to inhibit a full enjoyment of his works.

Even in the early planning stages, it was Bruckner's habit to lay out these predominantly eight-bar stretches and to number them off like a platoon sergeant-major; the entire work, in other words, the composer by Friedrich Blume in the German encyclopedia, "Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart," reproduces two sketches for the ninth symphony which show that at quite an early stage the eternal eight-bar sequence (varied now and again by a twelve-bar stretch, but never by one of five or seven bars) was already in full command.

It is with composers as with our friends: most of them have their failings, and it is only when we get past the stage of feeling irritated by these that we can learn to enjoy their rare, perhaps unique, virtues. Memory of rhythm and phrase-length is a defect which is likely to irk one; to Stravinsky, for example, it must have been unendurable even in Wagner, and one can scarcely imagine him listening with any pleasure to a movement of Bruckner. These things are a matter of temperament, even of nationality. I am glad to think that so many thousands of listeners can now accept, or even fail to notice—the current squareness of Bruckner and accordingly go on to respond more ardently than the rest of us to the "innocent grandeur" of his greatest inspirations.

That excellent phrase comes from a wholehearted Bruckner enthusiast, Robert Schenker, whose "Essence of Bruckner" (Gollancz £1.95) is required reading for all serious students undeterred by fairly stiff harmonic and structural analysis; the more general reader is admirably catered for by Hans-Hubert Schünzler's "Bruckner" (Calder, £2.25). I myself dutifully study Dr Simpson's analyses whenever I am about to plunge into Bruckner again, and am ashamed to admit that some of the harmonic masterstrokes and long-distance key-relationships that lie most appals have a way of slipping past in actual performance without making quite the dramatic effect that he has predicted. My fault, I am sure, but most Bruckner symphonies (with the marked exception of No. 8) strike me as pageants or travelogues rather than dramas, while their stamping scherzos and minuetts "Entry of the Gods" conclusion leave me still out in the cold.

Both Goodall and Kempe are dedicated Brucknerians who unfolded their respective symphonies with a reverence that never bordered on stagnation. It is true that Goodall's scherzo of No. 7 could hardly by any stretch of the imagination be called (as Bruckner marked it) "very fast"; but Kempe, although he used the longest of all versions of No. 8, compensated by some relatively brisk tempo; too brisk, indeed, some of the faithful complained.

The "supporting attractions" were attractive indeed. On Wednesday, Janet Baker sang Wagner's "The Song of the Nightingale" so beautifully and so meaningfully that a momentary lapse in "Schmerzen" hardly mattered; on Thursday Radu Lupu and the RPO attained perfect unity and perfect elegance of style in one of the finest of all Mozart's piano concertos. In the major generalisations: he has really nothing to say at all.

In writing last week of John Cox's Wexford production of Mozart's "Il re pastore," a slip of the pen led me to mention his Coliseum production of Ravel's "L'heure espagnole." I should have said "L'enfant et les sortilèges," an event which occurred before the Sadler's Wells company left its old home.

A VALUABLE latecomer on the scene of the Beethoven centenary (though not so late as the present reference might imply) is *The Beethoven Companion*, edited by Denis Arnold and Nigel Fortune (Faber, £7, pp. 656). It is a book of other musicians, this symposium varies widely in merit. The best chapters, such as Winton Dean's penetrating account of Beethoven's completed and abortive operatic ventures and Alan Tyson's unravelling of the successive stages of creation and publication, are so valuable as to compensate for one or two less carefully reasoned contributions.

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Philip Oakes talks to an embattled TV dramatist

POTTER'S PATH

John Hodge

BRACED BY the success of TV's Tudor spectacular, *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*, a hopeful young producer came to what he saw as the BBC's most prestigious slot. "What I envisage," he told the playwright Dennis Potter, "is a series on the Georges. How would you like to write one?"

"Fine," said Potter, a commoner down to his toes. "I'll take George Formby."

Invitation withdrawn, but there's no cause for concern. Potter's not urgently in need of a job. Next week, on November 16th, the BBC starts screening Potter's latest and most ambitious work. The Corporation calls it a six-part series starring Frank Finlay as Casanova. Potter, on the other hand, regards it as a single play divided into six episodes.

He spent thirteen months writing it. There's been location filming in Venice, and it abounds in lovely, naked ladies. Overseas buyers are probably forming a queue at Television Centre this minute. But what he'll be hiding for is several light years away from a costume romp. "To me," says Potter, "the term 'costume drama' means something totally pickled. It doesn't interest me in the slightest. What first seized my imagination was the myth of Casanova. Everyone's heard of it. But what does it mean? You hear about the office Casanova, the small-town Casanova, the shop-floor Casanova. He was what we describe as a libertine; but he was concerned with religious and sexual freedom, and these are things we have to address ourselves in now."

It won't, perhaps, be apparent to everyone; at least, not at first. But in the gales of righteousness that gust through the land, Potter stands firm. The libertine is the last possible hero. Traditional heroes are too desecrated for words; but the libertine as hero persists. Malice and envy lap their gentle bile around him, but he is the last hero. Of course, I read his memoirs, and I don't believe them. They're vain and egotistical, but they are about a man who is hunted by what he is hunting—and that is freedom, expressed in sexual terms.

He lived in a time very much like our own. The same fear of sex as a libertine, and the same abroad now: we even have our own Inquisition. I think the play says something about the vacuity of submitting totally to the senses. At the end we see him as an old man desperately trying to remember his life. The libertine with no way of looking at the world except through a pair of thighs. Finally he escapes through the roof of his prison—a moment which also signals his escape from the body."

Potter talks and writes with such verve that it comes as a shock to realise that his fulcrum slip through a horny raked by



Dennis Potter and his wife Margaret

arthritis. He suffers too from psoriasis, a hateful skin complaint which requires eight hours' medication a day. What's surprising is not his resilience, but his insight into his condition. "I believe that we choose our illness as a libretto," he says. "I have the feeling that the answer in me was turned inward. Either it turns into your mind, or you're fortunate enough for it to turn into your limbs. I was in hospital five times, and finally I came to terms with what was happening. I had to acknowledge that it was incurable; but at the same time it was controllable."

It was illness which led to his appointment as the Daily Herald's TV critic ("I was limping around with a stick, and it was the only job I could do"). It was illness which finally engineered his break from newspapers, and the same crippling limitations which

drove him towards TV drama—a form of writing which he rates the most testing and rewarding of all.

"It's because television is so domestic that it's so important. It's part of the give and take of life. I don't want to write for the theatre. It means the audience has to put on a public face. It becomes collusive. The audience colludes with the performers in a very conspiratorial way. In your own house you can be honest, break wind and heave. I have to acknowledge that it was incurable; but at the same time it was controllable."

Potter lives with his wife Margaret and their three children in a roomy Victorian house at Ross-on-Wye, only eight miles from the village where he was born. He has never been abroad: "To me, travel spells travail." Planes fill him with

dread. No sane man, he says, would choose to step into one of those things. He measures his distance by the time it takes to get there on foot. "I belong to a walking culture, entirely pre-motor." But there is nothing parochial about his work. He is imaginative, innovative and uncompromising. In the small circle of TV dramatists whose plays measure up both as popular entertainment and lively art he is, in my view, the best of the bunch.

He's a gingery, combative man and a talker. The rows that his plays provoke. He's even happier when abetted by circumstance. His play *Vote, Vote*, for Nigel Barton, which heartily damned careerist politics, was preceded on the box by a party political broadcast by Edward Heath. "I desperately tried to persuade them to go straight into the play without any titles. But they wouldn't have it."

His play about Christ, *Son of Man*, brought him four hundred letters in one week: "There were all sorts of letters, including a lot of those mad scrawls on flimsy paper promising me eternal damnation."

It's this come-back that Potter finds so stimulating. "TV drama has switched from condescension to critical response. This is the justification for carrying on. I calculate an audience in tens of millions, and it's bound to do something to the adrenalin. You reach that condition that all writers aspire to. You say: listen to me. And they do. You can open your veins on TV more easily than anywhere. It's the only place where you can be the individualist-writer."

Writing *Casanova* as a six-hour play was wildly ambitious, he says: "But I wanted to do an accumulative portrait, something that wasn't swallowed up as soon as the screen went dark." It's behind him now and he's more intent on the next play, which happens to be another play he's just delivered, entitled *Follow the Yellow Brick Road*.

"It's my first really religious play, about the experience of knowing that there is a God, and then losing it." The man it happens to be an actor, and the loss of faith occurs when he's filming a dog-food commercial on Barnes Common—a filthy place, says Potter, spectacularly littered with coconuts.

He saw his script on its journey round the BBC's Television Centre and noted a memo pinned to the first page. "It read: 'Does this play have to be so contraveniently explicit?' Well, it does. And for the first time ever I've added my own note. It says: 'Don't alter a word.'"

Of all the battles he's fought, says Potter, this promises to be the bloodiest. It's good to see a man who so clearly enjoys his work.

HAVING SPENT the last year recording my day-by-day potterings on the poster of *The Sunday Times*, I try to keep a weathered eye propped open for Sunday night's series, *One Man's Week* (BBC2). The problems of a lone broadcaster, even if he does some things have to slip off to the euphemism at parties to scribble notes, are as nothing compared to seeming to act naturally with cameras and photo floods peering over your shoulder.

But TV producers are rarely satisfied with the props and scenery provided free by real life. They suffer the same compulsion to improve on nature that we all experience when we angle our holiday camera to miss the gasworks, the electric cables and the advertising hoardings. One Man's Week should need no other excuse except truth to the individual experience. But recently, a well-known broadcaster was discovered sitting in a hook-lined study which he cheerfully admitted was not his own room at home, but one mocked up in the studio to represent the kind of book-lined study it was felt he ought to possess.

Again, a respected TV critic conducted us on a tour around the deserted features department of his paper, allegedly emptied by the exodus of colleagues on holiday, though he has reason to suspect some at least were hiding on instructions behind the filing cabinets.

Last Sunday, it was *One Woman's Week* with Arlana Stassinopoulos, the President of the Cambridge Union. With 168 hours of existence to hold down into 30 minutes of screen time, she felt obliged to include an irrelevant clip from a French film mainly showing a black dog romping in the sea, and a scene of her sister rehearsing a Greek tragedy at RADA. Miss Stassinopoulos (of Gower Street) is a good-looking figurehead of a girl, with strongly outlined features. I wonder if Miss Stassinopoulos, who has been thanked her afterwards for being lit and photographed in such a way as to resemble the prow of a midget submarine? But presumably her telephone conversation

Bird's eye viewing

TELEVISION □ ALAN BRIEN

with Lord Longford about last night's debate on pornography (with his Lordship seeking to have the motion re-worded, and a reassurance that the film cameras of Aquarius would still be grinding when his turn came to speak) was genuine.

A much more successful method of seeing life through one pair of eyes was demonstrated in *Tyne-Tees' Big Jack's Other World* where Jack Charlton, the England and Leeds footballer, returned to his home town of Aslington in Northumberland. Charlton himself was a natural, with an almost sleepy, smiling ease, born of a genuine affection and interest in the people and places around him, such as professional telly-boys only acquire after years of exposure. Whippets, pigeons, beer, back-streets, dropping in to see the neighbour's new kitchen, amiable nattering about nothing over the Sunday dinner—there was nothing new in the content, at least for that half of Britain which can monitor such scenes any day from their parlour window.

Everybody he met knew the cameras were there, and why they were there, but in their oddity, endearingly self-satisfied North-Eastern fashion you could sense they thought it only right and proper their world should be given as much attention as courtship rituals in the Solomon Islands or child marriages in Yugoslavia (subjects, incidentally, dealt with this week in fascinatingly depressing detail in a rather underrated anthology of other countries' TV, *Europa*, on BBC2).

One characteristic TV possession, rarely found in the theatre, the cinema, or even the Press, is that its audience is not segregated. In the other media, the customer usually knows what he is likely to hear or see or read,

the attitudes and assumptions he is expected to share and support. On the box, anybody can gate-crash anything, choosing which side to back and which to barrack. I imagine that some followers of the BBC's Turgenev serial, *Atterbury*, who were "corrupted" by the weary superior fox-terrier uncle who has seen and heard and discussed everything before, prefacing each outright dismissal of any new thought with the arrogant, unapologetic rubric—"I am sorry I may be old-fashioned but..." After a recent BBC1 documentary, *Expulsion*, about the headmaster of an expensive private school who flushed out the drug-takers and anarchists who were "corrupting" their fellows, dispatching them home at a few hours' notice, many viewers must have cheered and voted him their hero.

Personally, I thought this headmaster (played by himself though the rebels were impersonated by actors) vain, short-sighted, pompous and silly, carried away by the joys of the chase as he was hoping to be featured in the next instalment of *The Rivals of Sherlock Holmes*. Though he really believed that all communists, whether critics or creators, should state their prejudices openly and stand by their convictions, without pretending to do a bogus impartiality, I must confess this provision of alternative thought often an excuse for cowardice can be also an unexpected reward.

By comparison, William Trevor's *O Fat White Woman* (BBC1) seemed almost a propaganda exercise, failing to clinch its point because of its dated background, the absence of any real concern for the artist as headmaster who killed a pupil in a fit of almost asexual-minded bullying. It was written and directed (by Philip Saville) in an allusive, melting, poetic style,

impeccably conveying the impression of a frozen relationship between husband and wife where everyone lived like statues and Desperate, a totally convincing lived-in performance by Green Pryor as the wife, and splendid supporting cast, it all came over too pat, too tailored to a thesis without the hint that any of the characters could ever have defied their author.

The Cambridge Union debate broadcast last night on ITV, cut down from over three hours obviously presented problems of pruning to Humphrey Burton especially to view of the anti-pornography tendency to believe that all TV is controlled by subversive undercurrents of cynicism as we know it. The under-graduate speakers had to be omitted; but judging by the interruptions from the floor including the tedious, time-honoured device of getting laughed out of "Hear, hear," it didn't miss much.

This last in the current *Aquarius* series remained, a ever, lively and provocative viewing—Dr Martin Cole, handsome as Edward Woodward's Callan slipped one under the belt pointing out that female pub hair has long been acceptable so long as it also reveals a baby's head, though as he said, "every head that comes down, penis has to go up." Richard Neville was rather wandering surprisingly unconfident—although, as he pointed out, the other speakers did not have to worry about going to jail to morrow. John Mortimer was funny, witty, and understandable, a little better with his own mouth, but his own, much repeated case. The most ("Pornography should never be forbidden") was extreme—perhaps due to Lord Longford's telephone call to Miss Stassinopoulos; and most of the earnest righteously indignation, and horned spectacles of decent chaps degraded by dirty pictures at work, of eight-year-olds employed in pornography factories, were monopolised by former President Michael Howard, Lord Longford and Mrs Whitehouse.

Happy returns

DANCE □ RICHARD BUCKLE

I GUESS—but I have no inside information—that "Swan Lake" may be dropped from the Royal Ballet's repertoire for a time after this winter season while Kenneth MacMillan or more likely Peter Wright, who staged the current production of "Giselle," thinks and rethinks it. What I mean is that a man who has done such a job with "Giselle" must be dying to get his hands on the Petipa-Ivanov-Sergueev-Ashton-de Valois ballet.

I saw both these classics this week although it was not a Press night for either. Seymour was to have danced the latter, but she was not well, and Sibley was to have danced "Swan Lake," but she was not well either, so Doreen Wells did both.

If one wanted to find something to say against Wells in these two great roles, one could say that she was too fair and too pretty. It seems absurd that these should be disadvantages and yet I have to admit that, in a curious way, they are. In the second act of "Giselle" and throughout "Swan Lake" dark hair and distinctive features—even a big nose—can lend tragic weight. On the other hand nothing could be more enchanting than Wells in the Spring dances with Albrecht in Act I, and her mad scene is wonderful.

David Wall was Wells' Albrecht and Anthony Dowell was her Siegfried. Happy the company

that can host two such premieres (dancers)? If Wall has more natural aptitude for mime, Dowell, slightly taller, has perhaps a grander line. On Thursday Dowell did some beautiful turns in attitude. It would be impossible to imagine an Albrecht who behaved more naturally than Wall. All staggish, all contrivance are banished; he seems to be living the part, not acting at all. And what a nice chap he is, even if he does have a bird in every bush. At the Act II curtain, after the dawn has saved his life and he has nothing more to live for, he makes a gesture so "natural" as to be almost unalike; his arms flop limply. We see how well matched he would be with Seymour, just as the cooler, more princely Dowell is perfect with Anthony Sibley. Gerda Larsen showed her range as Giselle's mother and as the Queen Mother. David Adams was one of the best Hilarions I have seen. I could not take my eyes off Derek Rencher's bluff Duke of Lorraine; and be even more perfect with Anthony Sibley. In both the Minkus and de Valois and the Tchaikovsky pas de quatre Michael Coleman soared like a rocket. The corps were in fine form.

Mr Buckle's book "Nijinsky" is reviewed by Raymond Mortimer on page 40.



Mгда Vrhovec dances the title role in "Medea" choreographed by Birgit Cullberg. This is one of the works to be given by the Cullberg Ballet, from Stockholm, who open tomorrow, for the first time in Britain, for a two-week season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre

Sound of the future

RADIO □ JEREMY RUNDALL

saying: "Sunday evening listeners to Radio 4 have had a raw deal. There's been good material, but inconsistent. Now we're aiming at a pattern that will be personal, predictable, but above all pleasurable. We want to pursue a policy of sheer unadulterated pleasure..."

I can't altogether agree that Sunday evening on Radio 4 has given us a raw deal—particularly when compared with TV, on which Mr Whitby was not to be seen. The *Strangers and Brothers* sequence, like *Leisure for What?* (last Sunday),

and the *With Great Pleasure* series, wherein Jack de Manio was the latest luminary, with Fenella Fielding as his guest, has been far from drear. And Mr Whitby, somewhat contradictorily, is himself, I think, to go out in 45-minute instalments, yet—we are told—the listening public has made its wishes felt in declaring that nothing short of an hour will do. Thus the new Sunday drama series, starting with Nicholas Nickleby and followed by *Wicked Herries*, is to be a 60-minute dosage.

The lighter side of the new weekend listening will inaugurate a fresh weekly giggle in *The Best of British Laughs*, with jokery ranging from Sellers to Dodd. Himm. On Saturdays I look for ward, with unashamed schmalz, to the return of *These You Have Loved*—an hour of tuneful oldies presented by Cliff Morgan, a good and natural broadcaster as he was a rugby player.

John Tydemann's production of *Hamlet* last Sunday on Radio 3 was every whit as good as I had hoped. The cutting and editing were done so skillfully that one hardly noticed the joints; often they helped to heighten the dramatic effect of the text. But perhaps the chief strength lay in the casting. It was all on a high level, and Ronald Pickup as the Prince spoke from the very outset as one barely able to contain a hurricane of rage and grief. He was quite packed in a Ming vase, and when the explosion came it was shattering.

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continued from page 10

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NICHOLAS FAITH'S comments on industrial matters in The Sunday Times Business News are well informed and his judgments are sound. It is therefore very appropriate that he should write the sequel to Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's famous book, 'Le Défi Américain', which first alerted us to the enormous growth of American business investment in Europe.

Now Mr Faith tells us of the movement that has been going on the other way, steadily building up European business strength inside the USA. He gives us the facts, the history, the problems faced, and the methods used to overcome them. He talks about the big companies which are household words and of the smaller ones too, which are less well known, but have made significant inroads with their products.

But apart from being a book which every British businessman with his eye on the American market will want to read and which will go on the required list in business schools on both sides of the Atlantic, this is a very important political agenda.

The developments Mr Faith describes must be seen against a much wider background as the balance of power in the world begins to change. American domination; military, political and economic, in the two decades following the War, is now coming to an end. The power of the Soviet Union, the growth of

The British invasion

THE INFILTRATORS by Nicholas Faith/Hamish Hamilton £3.15 pp 242

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN

Japan, the emergence of Western Europe as a major economic bloc, and the arrival of China on the world scene have set US power in a new perspective. The pattern of economic relations between these blocs will determine the framework within which all world industry has to operate.

What is really interesting about the development of the multinational corporation over the last few years is that these international industrial giants have separated themselves quite successfully from the countries in which they grew and first flourished. It took a long time for us to realise what was happening. Servan-Schreiber wrote his book as a political testament because he saw in American industrial strength the necessary consequence of American political power. Even Mr Faith's book has a cover depicting European flags sewn on to and partly masking a larger Stars and Stripes.

But is this really a reflection of what is happening? I doubt

whether the political power of governments is any longer expressed through the activities of its national corporations that have gone global. Years ago in the Ministry of Technology, when we were developing an industrial policy to cope with the multinational, and when Henry Ford came to the office to talk about his future investment plans or Fritz Philips was in London for discussions with ITC, it became apparent that these were heads of sovereign states with whom we had to establish diplomatic relations.

Last year in talks at the Department of Commerce and State Department in Washington, I discovered that the Americans were only just becoming conscious that the same was true of the relations between the US Federal Government and IBM or General Motors. These principalities were operating there with very few formal links with the administration, save only the need to keep clear of anything that would violate anti-trust legislation.

Before we start throwing our bats in the air at the British invasion of America, we had better ask ourselves some cool questions as to whether European businesses operating successfully in the USA add to our political strength or are a rival centre of unaccountable power operating in competition with governments on both sides of the Atlantic. We must start concerning ourselves with the growth of this power and ask how it can be made accountable. If it gets so big that it is able to ride roughshod over governments in all countries, the benefits of development and growth could be bought at too high a price.

Any strategy for making this power accountable would have to operate at every level. It certainly requires a far more interventionist industrial policy in a country the size of Britain. Similarly, it would require the Common Market to modify sharply its old-fashioned adherence to 'laissez-faire' and begin to set some ground rules and enforce them. It constitutes, itself, an important new case for industrial democracy at plant level. It opens up the possibility that the United Nations might itself have to develop a supervisory industrial role.

Characteristically, Mr Faith has given us a book to set us thinking. He has opened up questions, the magnitude of which few people realise.

Quelle époque!

UPSTART EMPIRE by S C Burchell/Macdonald £3.25 pp 370

CULTURE AND SOCIETY IN FRANCE 1848-1898

by F W J Hemmings/Batsford £3.50 pp 280

LA VIE PARISIENNE 1852-1870 by Joanna Richardson

Hamish Hamilton £4 pp 296

JOHN RAYMOND

HARD on the unveiling of the late Enid Starkie's triumphant monument to Flaubert, reviewed here last week by Cyril Connolly, come these three interpretations of the Second Empire that the novelist so loved and hated. Three assessors, one of them (F. W. J. Hemmings) searching and unlenient, carrying his judgment well beyond Second Empire to the epoch of Dreyfus and 'J'accuse', the second (S. C. Burchell) continually pulling himself up to correct his own nostalgia and the third lovingly concerned to recreate the age.

Sometimes it is hardly avoidable—they repeat one another's anecdotes. Napoleon III strikes at Courbet's 'Baigneuses' in two of these studies, though only Professor Hemmings gives us the painter's follow-up remark. (Courbet expressed some regret that he had not worked on a thinner canvas. 'He would have torn it and I should have sued him. That would have made a stir'.)

They also tend to use the same illustrations. Indeed, Joanna Richardson and Mr Burchell have an identical book-jacket—Henri Bary's 'Sespeaux aux Tuileries, 1867', one of those imperial gala nights that Flaubert proudly described in his happy-niece in his letters home.

Why has the Second Empire had such a grudging, not to say downright bad press at the hands of most historians? Industry and communication were transformed, commerce flourished, medicine made great strides, a primary educational system was imposed upon the country; Paris was made an immeasurably cleaner, safer and better-lit city.

Its beauty wonderfully enhanced through the genius of Baron Haussmann. (As Mr Burchell remarks, too much has been made of the fact that the boulevards were designed for cavalry charges. 'The population as a whole was far from hostile and the Emperor a long way from being a brutal dictator'.) Pro-

fessor Hemmings instances authoritarianism and censorship, the stifling court aesthetic and the divorce of the artist from his public; Burchell points to the rising cost of living, the decay of craftsmanship, the monstrous growth of slums and 'the prevalence of diseases like syphilis, alcoholism, tuberculosis and cholera'.

Yet much of this could be paralleled in Queen Victoria's Britain. Military adventurism is a contributing factor, though here again the initial adventures paid off handsomely in terms of national unity and morale. While reminding us that the French 'numbered more than twice the number of soldiers and suffered far greater casualties' than ourselves in the Crimea, Burchell declares that 'for Louis Napoleon the war was neither senseless nor wasteful. It had been the means of sending France at one stroke to the pinnacles of military and political glory'.

An implacable vulgarity, a hard and crushing materialism, cynicism, public and private corruption and, above all, the shameful gap between extreme poverty and wealth—these are a few of the harsh epithets that these three writers—and the witnesses called by them—level at Louis Napoleon's empire. As the Vicomte de Beaumont-Vassy wrote in 1860: 'The society of the Second Empire is absolutely different from those which preceded it. They say that grave diseases need drastic cures. The society of the Second Empire would be to suppress half their way of life'.

And Joanna Richardson, in her brilliant panoramic view of the world of Offenbach and the Café Anglais, of the dying Rachel and the emerging Bernhardt, of the great courtesans and the Winter-gate duchesses and the English duchesses, sums up perceptively: '... There was a chasm between



"Un Anglais à Mabile": an engraving by Gustave Doré, one of many striking illustrations reproduced in Joanna Richardson's 'La Vie Parisienne'.

poor and rich. There was also an unbridgeable chasm between the desecrating and the undesecrating. Daulmier could not earn his living when he turned to the times knew starvation. Gantier, at the height of his renown, could not afford to stop his journalism. Yet when Core Pearl made her brief appearance as Cupid in Orphée aux enfers, the soles of her shoes were one mass of diamonds.

for the unhappy or the unsuccessful. Those who could not stand the febrile pace of living turned, all too often, to the Left Bank cafes and brasseries... Second Empire Paris was a place for the portly and the nouveau riche. It was a place for the dynamic, the resolute and versatile, for the artist and the unscrupulous. It was a place for those who could afford to live a life of pleasure.

For them it was a perfect place, at an incomparable time.

Lower depths

TWILIGHT LONDON: A Study in Degradation by Honor Marshall Vision £2.50

DOWN AND OUT IN BRITAIN by Jeremy Sandford/Peter Owen £2.75

FRANK NORMAN

THOUGH rather different in their approach both these slim volumes are extremely worthy additions to the ever-expanding library of sociological pamphlets. Both authors embarked on an unenviable journey into the 'bilges' of our society and have reported their findings with blinding and disturbing honesty.

Honor Marshall began by conducting her research through official channels but council employees, reluctant to see the carpet raised, questioned her fitness to compile a book about the life-styles of homeless alcoholics, persistent drug users and destitute old folk in the absence of a degree in sociology. Jeremy Sandford, on the other hand, took the bull by the horns and borrowed a pair of broken down boots, some filthy old clothes and a tattered old greatcoat and plunged into the abyss armed only with a sharp pair of eyes and a few good contacts.

Of the two books Honor Marshall's Twilight London seems to me to be the more succinct analysis. In ten brief chapters she runs the gamut of the most appalling degradation our society has to offer those who, through inability or inclination, find it impossible to keep their heads above water.

Miss Marshall's voice is strident but she minimises her use of the word 'I'. She admits that the police, clergy, probation officers and voluntary workers were the keenest to assist her in her research. But even they would only agree to clandestine meetings on the understanding that their names would not be printed. None the less, whatever the obstacles set in her path, Miss Marshall has rooted out and exposed the awful plight and basic outstretch of 'I have eaten for three days now'.

with individuals whose history of betrayal stems from the circumstances of their birth: born illegitimate, taken into the care of an orphanage, put to work at their early teens, they are totally unable of giving or receiving love or trust (and are invariably not offered either until it is too late). As the years go by, the well-earned grudge they bear against society reaches fruition and they rebel. Many become hopeless recidivists who spend more of their life in prison than they do out; others are committed to mental homes and emerge after shock treatment far worse than they were before. In old age they are left to rot on society's rubbish dump, begging a few coppers from passers-by and kipping rough in a 'spike' if they can get a bed.

Jeremy Sandford's Down and Out in Britain is to some extent a reiteration of his recent TV play Edna the Inebriate Woman and though perhaps it does not quite measure up to his earlier work, Cathy Come Home, was undoubtedly the most important piece of dramatised documentary ever to be screened. It is nevertheless a valuable book. Mr Sandford has the combined talents of the creative artist and dedicated sociologist. At his best he stands alongside Tony Parker, but all too often his voice is too shrill.

But as with all the other ugly scars on our society, public apathy towards the less fortunate remains the arch-enemy of the few organisations and individuals, who devote their time and energy to being of some assistance to the denizens of the abyss. As an acquaintance of mine once retorted, when approached in the street by a fawning dervish who bleated with his head outstretched: 'I haven't eaten for three days now'. 'Then you'll just have to force yourself, won't you?'

Monk Dawson by Peter Paul Read (Panther 35p). Admirably constructed and written novel, with plenty of comedy, about modern Roman Catholicism.

Beginning in a Benedictine monastery public school, the narrator tells of the traumas of his friend Dawson, who enters the monastery to escape all the troubles with the new freedoms of Pope John and Paul, loses his faith in a smart London parish, leaves the Church, has one unhappy affair, one hopeless marriage, and becomes a Trappist after journalism and the World have failed him.

In Transit by Bridget Brophy (Penguin 35p). 'A transsexual adventure', otherwise described as a love story, is a novel that dedicates her novel to Saint Sebastian. Complicated, sometimes nearly unreadable style, with typographical gimmicks such as the running of two story-lines simultaneously in separate columns on the same page, pointed up by vignettes.

Forbidden Colours, translated from the Japanese by Alfred H. Marks (50p), and Death in Midsummer & Other Stories (50p), both by Yukio Mishima (Penguin). Mishima was, until his ritual hara-kiri last year, probably the foremost novelist of post-war Japan. He was a man of extreme beauty and lack of samurai spirit, he castigates in 'Forbidden Colours', a bleak satirical comedy of modern Tokyo. The nine stories and the play In Death in Midsummer deal in similar fashion, cuttingly but with humour, with the new Japanese permissiveness. Also from Japan, Snow Country and Thousand Cranes by Yasunari Kawabata, translated from the Japanese by Edward G. Seidensticker (Penguin, 35p). Delicate and moving novel and novella, winner of the Nobel Prize-winner.

The Naked Gods (35p) and Toads for Snapper (25p), both by Chukwuemeka Ike (Fontana). Two funny and observant novels from Nigeria. 'The Naked Gods' is a campus story, wherein the Vice-Chancellor is advised to match pagan magic with magic—a situation alien to the modern Faculty of Science. 'Toads for Snapper' is Mr Ike's first novel, stems similarly from university complications. Amadi is engaged to three girls at once and has the child of one fathered on him. The Gab Boys by Cameron Duodu Country and Thousand Cranes by Yasunari Kawabata, translated from the Japanese by Edward G. Seidensticker (Penguin, 35p). Delicate and moving novel and novella, winner of the Nobel Prize-winner.

PAPERBACK SHORT LIST

aping of the dithering British... promises them the moon. Racy, perceptive and extremely readable. Modern African Stories edited by Charles R. Larson (Fontana, 30p). Ten stories, from the Congo, Ghana, Kenya, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, South Africa and Uganda. Subjects range from old village and folk legends to sharp pieces on politics and racial issues. As so often, Africans—even under extreme stress (police interrogation and house arrest are among the experiences)—display restraint, tolerance and ironic good humour.

The Early Churchills (50p) and The Later Churchills (75p) by A. L. Rowse (Penguin). Lengthy but entertaining family history from the Dorset beginnings, through several generations before Marlborough, to the Christopher Wren era. The book is well illustrated. There was an early link with the Buckingham; new blood (including the American Vanderbilt) has continually refreshed the stock. Not surprisingly, the Winston of 1940-45 is the largest, and his death is the end.

Tutankhamen by Christiane Desroches-Noblecourt, translated from the French by Claude (Penguin 75p). 'The life and death of a Pharaoh'—most welcome and instructive new edition of Miss Desroches-Noblecourt's authoritative biography-cum-treatise. As well as the matter bearing directly on Tutankhamen and the stunning discovery of his tomb by Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter, there is much of interest on ancient Egyptian ritual. Superb illustrations include 32 colour plates by F. L. Kenet. Useful to read before the big Tutankhamen exhibition opens at the British Museum on March 30, 1972.

Soviet Russia was greeted in some quarters as an American CIA fabrication. Neither the publishers, though, nor Edward Crankshaw in his introduction, and commentators doubt its authenticity. From early party membership in 1919, through the Stalin decades and the War to supreme power, and the Khrushchev era, and enforced retirement in 1964.

The People's War by Angus Calder (Panther 90p). Big single-volume journalistic history of 'Britain, 1939-45'. It describes events in the context of their impact at home. Not only the grand set-pieces, such as the blitz and the Battle of Britain, are discussed, but more subtle aspects of warfare, such as the effects on science, religion and the arts come under scrutiny. Well presented and illustrated. Darwin and the Beagle by Alan Moorehead (Penguin £1.25). Charles Darwin, aged 22, was offered the post of naturalist on HMS Beagle which was sent on a voyage round the world by the Admiralty in 1831. The five-year trip which followed included the Galapagos Islands where Darwin gathered much of his material for 'The Origin of the Species'. Mr Moorehead tells a compelling story and Penguin present it in a large-format, lavishly illustrated and well-designed book.

Schweitzer

George Marshall & David Pollock

'I value this book for several reasons. It is the first biography I have read of my father's life, and it is a most illuminating one. It shows the full development of his thought in general and his humanitarianism in particular.'

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Out This Week

Geoffrey Bles

HAIR

Sex-Society-Symbolism

A serious but unsolemn exploration of the facts and fictions, the myths and mysteries of our hair by Wendy Cooper, Woman journalist of the Year, 1966.

240 pages illustrated with 243 colour and black and white plates. £3.50. Published 8th November. ISBN 490-00212-9

BIRDS

An authoritatively written and beautifully illustrated introduction to general ornithology by James Fisher and Roger Peterson, two of the world's greatest and best known ornithologists.

187 pages. £3.00. Published September. ISBN 490-00216-1

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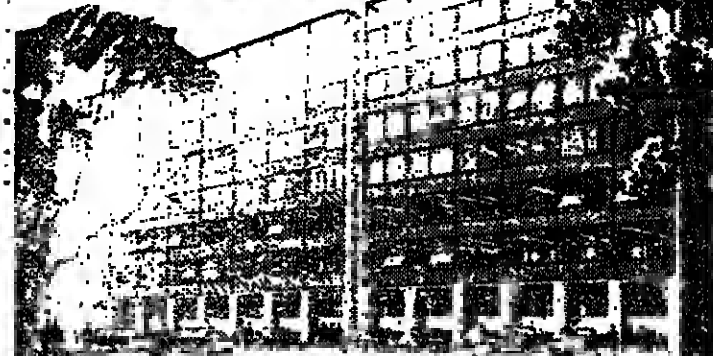
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Turning the tables

MOST PEOPLE can never understand why tables should be so expensive. "Just a bit of glass or wood on some legs," they say. "I could almost do it myself." And in fact it's true that tables are, on the whole, inordinately expensive and by searching out the materials yourself and using your local handyman, blacksmith or metalworker, you can put together a classy-looking table for much less than you'd find in a shop. Price isn't the only bonus—you can get a table exactly the size and shape you need.

Some of the classic ways of improvising tables are by using blackboard, or cast-off doors, or a paper-hanger's table, and covering them with a pretty cloth. Other tops can be made of slate (try your classified directory or your local marble merchant, they sometimes stock it), marble glass, laminated plastic or Perspex. If you want a glass table you need heavy glass, not less than 10mm thick, preferably more, and remember it costs

more to have the edges cut and polished than to buy the glass. Pilkington's Technical Advisory Service at St. Helen's, Lancashire, will give you technical advice.

Illustrated are some of the ways in which you make and design your own table and one table that you buy ready-made but is so versatile and reasonably-priced that it's worth including.

Top left: Trestle table from Mostra, 337, King's Road, London, SW3. It has chrome trestle legs (you cannot buy the trestles separately). The top is 39in by 29in, 1in thick and made of a heat-resistant matt Formica, white on one side, matt Formica, white or white and blue on the other, or white and brown. The tops are reversible and the trestles can turn over on their sides and make the table into a coffee-table height, £32.50, plus £1.50 if you want it sent.

The trestle, inset, is one of a pair, sold separately by Mostra. They are also made of chrome, are beautifully finished and allow you to add whatever top you like, £48 the pair.

My shoes are usually flat, suede, rubber-soled. Comfortable. One of the advantages of making one's own dresses of course is that you can make them long enough to cover the feet. That way I'm able to wear bedroom slippers to balls and dinners, which I often do.

I knit all the woollens in this house. I do wish they'd make thin woollens in better colours though, most of them are awful baby pinks and blues.

I wear hats to weddings, funerals, Epsom and Ascot. Usually borrowed or stolen.

I've only ever bought one lipstick, the rest are cast-offs and hand-overs.

I put Max Factor Crème Puff powder on my face. Other than that there's nothing better than good old-fashioned soap and water twice a day. I do pamper myself however with a hot bath each morning with Boot's Pine in it or Morley Bath

Foam. And I'm afraid I do spend on my hair. I have it done once a week and permed three times a year.

I keep my nails clean, and I nice and short. I couldn't possibly have them long with the gardening I do. I'm happiest

really surrounded by flowers, surely the most beautiful things in the world, wearing a filthy old lived-in skirt and a sloppy jumper. I started life as a Norfolk dumpling, I suppose you could say I haven't really changed.

LOOK! AGAIN

Everwhere
Hair
is shorter.
So now I know
My son
From my daughter.

Tom Phillips

He claims the footprint
is of the Abominable Snowman
Yet its evidence
is spurious.

A.F.G.L.

She was only a fortune-teller's
daughter.

But when I gazed into her eyes
I too crystal clear
We'd have a ball.

Geoffrey Bourne

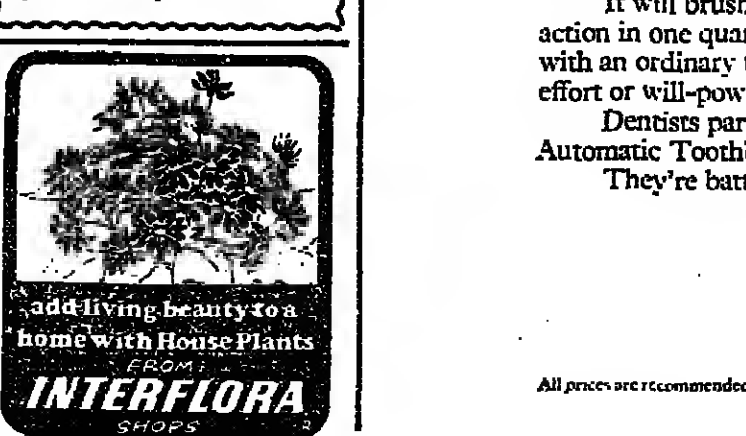
Little star, they say you should
Triumph while the going's good:
One day man will be up there,
Fouling up your smoke-free air.

Robin Acland

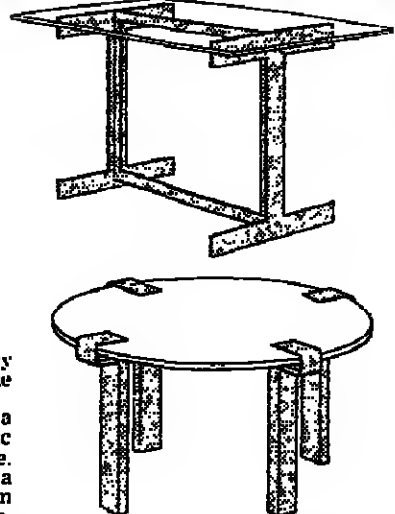
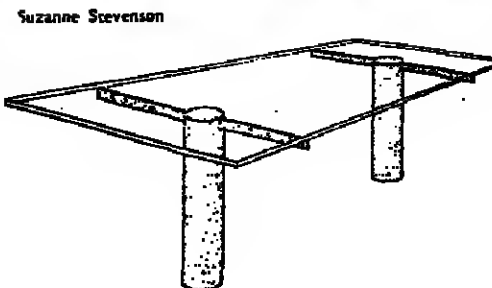
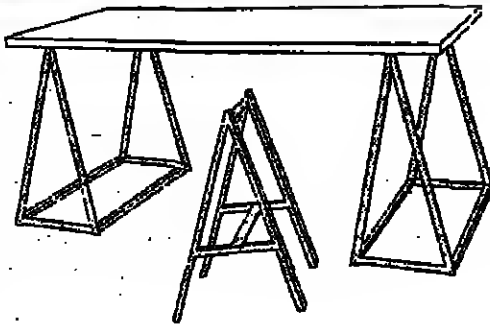
Advertisement

A Summer Complexion in Winter

Here is a simple beauty hint that will bring life and sunlit radiance to a winter-dull skin. Wring out a face cloth in warm water and press it to your face for short intervals until it begins to cool. This will stimulate the circulation and bring a healthy, youthful glow of beauty to the skin surface. Now, to hold the good of this warm, complexion-beautifying process, smooth on a little Clay oil. For day-long care always use a film of Clay before applying your make-up.



add living beauty to a
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pair. Mostra will supply glass as well: sample price, 80in by 30in, 10mm thick would cost £18.

Middle: A table designed by a Sunday Times journalist for his own use. It points out that you need a solid floor and once made, you can't move it. The base was made from six aluminium tubes which were

harnessed up with emery paper and Brillo pads. The aluminium tubes were placed on the concrete floor and concrete poured in to fix them firmly. A bar of strong aluminium alloy with two bolts attached was then lowered into

position so that the two bolts sank into the concrete. An aluminium lid fixed with Araldite gave the tube a "finished" look. Little rubber tacks were attached to the bar of aluminium alloy and a heavy 1in thick glass top, 74 by 24, was placed on top. Result: a stunning-looking table for about £80.

Top right: Another chrome base, again supplied by Mostra. It comes provided with four small foot screws which enable it to adapt to an uneven floor. The base, in three pieces, has to be assembled at home. Again Mostra will supply

the glass to match, otherwise try your local glassworks. Price for the base is £43, carriage, £1.30.

Far right: Another base for a table, this time you can choose either a round or an oblong shape. These polished steel legs with a clamp-like screw fitting come in three different heights: low coffee-table height, 12in; sofa-table height, 16in; or dining-table height, 28in. The two lowest cost £24 for four legs, and the highest £32. If you want a specially long table you might need six or even eight legs. The advantage is that you can

virtually choose your shape or length. Available from Quip, 226 Westbourne Grove, London, W11, who will also arrange or order whatever type of top you require. Lucia van der Post



The Hon. Ralph Mansfield, City wine merchant, and his wife Evelyn at their home near Oxford

hand-overs. I put Max Factor Crème Puff powder on my face. Other than that there's nothing better than good old-fashioned soap and water twice a day. I do pamper myself however with a hot bath each morning with Boot's Pine in it or Morley Bath

Foam. And I'm afraid I do spend on my hair. I have it done once a week and permed three times a year.

I keep my nails clean, and I nice and short. I couldn't possibly have them long with the gardening I do. I'm happiest

really surrounded by flowers, surely the most beautiful things in the world, wearing a filthy old lived-in skirt and a sloppy jumper. I started life as a Norfolk dumpling, I suppose you could say I haven't really changed.

LOOK! AGAIN

A message for people who think automatic toothbrushes are a joke.



Talk to your dentist.

It's just possible he'll agree with you. But the great majority of dentists take automatic toothbrushes very seriously, and recommend them as an important aid to dental health.

Not because they do something you can't do for yourself. But because they do something you're very unlikely to do. Namely, brush your teeth properly.

Which is a lot harder than it sounds.

Correct brushing involves brushing up and down all the way round, top and bottom, inside and out. This way you stimulate your gums and help keep them healthy, and you remove decay-causing food particles from between your teeth.

It takes about three minutes to do the job thoroughly, and it makes many people's arm ache.

Try it. And then ask yourself if you have enough determination to repeat the exercise at least twice a day from now till Kingdom Come.

If you don't think you have, you should seriously consider buying an automatic toothbrush.

It will brush your teeth with the correct up and down action in one quarter of the time it takes to brush properly with an ordinary toothbrush. And with no muscular effort or will-power required.

Dentists particularly recommend Ronson Automatic Toothbrushes.

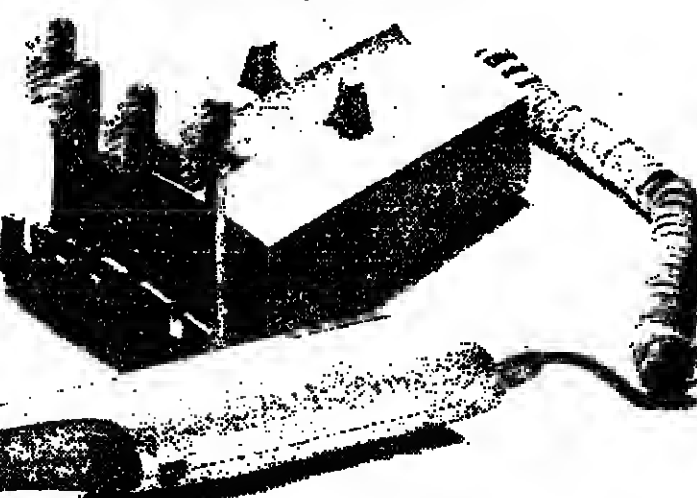
They're battery operated, and they're the

best you can buy. As you might expect they aren't cheap. The price for the travel pack, 2 brush head model is £4.79. For £5.76 you get the full-size family model with five interchangeable brush heads.

So the whole family can get the benefits of brushing properly: healthier gums, and cleaner teeth which are less vulnerable to decay.

You might still conclude that you have the strength of character to do the job properly with a regular toothbrush after all.

But spare a thought for the kids.



Ronson Automatic Toothbrush.
Ask your dentist about it.

All prices are recommended retail prices excluding batteries.

LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

Announcing Worse Verse

By popular request, we have collected together hundreds of poems from the Look! Pages and published them under the title of *Worse Verse*.

Mel Calman has added some of his splendid drawings and really, though we say it and shouldn't, the whole thing is a very entertaining bargain at 45p.

Worse Verse will be on the bookstalls on December 2 but we are making it available to readers straight away. All you have to do is fill in the coupon.

To: *Worse Verse*, The Sunday Times, 22 Coley Street, London WC2E 9YT.

Please send me.....copies of *Worse Verse* at 45p, plus 5p post and packaging. I enclose cheque/postal order for £..... crossed and made payable to "Times Newspapers Ltd."

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Address.....

PAMELA VANDYKE PRICE wanted to add her opinion to what has been written of Hugh Johnson's *World Atlas of Wine* (Mills & Boon). She says the numerous illustrations, diagrams and maps amply justify the price of £5.50. The concept of showing why the classic wines are as they are because of geographic and other factors is new and ingenious, and the processes whereby wines and spirits are made are presented so that the least technically-minded drinker can understand. There are details of production, consumption and exports to provide lecturers and speakers with an infinity of handy references, anecdotes, picturesque sayings and ceremonies to appeal to the armchair traveller, translations of terms and label terminology, town plans indicating the whereabouts of the great wine firms.

How gratifying it is that both the most beautiful wine book of the year and the most original study of wine are 1971 vintage British.

LATEST imaginative enterprise by four directors of manufacturing companies: cut-price coats for men and women in synthetic furs, suedes, leathers and all sorts of skins from bunny to mink.

So far these manufacturers have been supplying furrier retail outlets. Now the coats are on sale at cut price which means half of normal cost. They are selling at Hudson's Fashion Warehouse, 12a Pall Mall Street, E1. Nearest Tube Aldgate East Station. Opening so far only on Saturday 9.30 to 5.30 and Sunday from 9.30 until 4.30. Nearer Christmas they will be open during the week, too.

At the moment among their most outstanding bargains are pigskin trenchcoats for £39, instead of the usual £70, synthetic full-length coats for £15, instead of £30, and if you've a special eye for a bargain they have fully stranded mink coats for £500 instead of the usual £1,000.

THE Sunday Times Great New Beaujolais Race: well, we had our wine-tastings at Haleb, Mansfield's cellars on Thursday, Friday and yesterday. Next Sunday we will name our winner and report on the trip to Beaujolais for the declaration of the 1971 vintage.



PIN-UP CLOTHES by Anthony Price from his latest collection for Che Guevara, 23/25 Kensington High St, W8. (Tel. 01-937 1368). Left: Carmen Miranda, £10.95. In black crepe with yellow, green, grey or red. Right: Batwing blouse, £7.95. In black and white striped fine cotton. Slim skirt, £5.95. In cotton rayon. Black, white, green or red. All in sizes 10-14. Smashing shoes (43 in. heels) designed by Manolo Blahnik of Zopato Shoe Company Ltd, 42 Old Church St, SW3 (01-352 8622). Left: "Sealop", £18. Butterfly bow, peep-toe suede. Right: "Honey", £17.75. Crepe sole, onk-le-strap suede. Both in sizes 4-7½.

Making the most of meat

Look! cook Caroline Conran has this advice, taken from her book *Poor Cook* which has just been reissued by Macmillan at £2.50.

ALWAYS be extra nice and good-tempered in the butcher's shop: it really is worth being good friends with the man who sells you your meat.

He is the person to steer you clear of bargain cuts that are a maze of bones and gristle, he will show you both sides of a piece of stewing steak before wrapping it up. He will advise you which piece of the animal would be most suitable if you tell him what you want the meat for. He is also more likely to be prepared to do tedious work in the way of boning, mincing and cutting a joint just so, if he is your friend and sees that you care, and if you make a point of going into the shop when it is not particularly busy.

When choosing meat there are several things to bear in mind. Most carcasses have been frozen or chilled but reach the shop soon after slaughter, and in this short time the freezing, which is done fast and at a very low temperature, does not affect the juiciness of the meat. But what you do not want to carry home in your shopping bag is something that has been sitting in cold storage for weeks; nothing dries meat up so thoroughly, and the fat becomes granular.

New Zealand lamb has of course been frozen, but it is increasingly good as transport gets faster, and is particularly worth buying from October to Christmas, when their lambs are slaughtered and at their best. English lamb, which is slaughtered between three and five months old, is in season from May onwards, and in the year, in September/October; it is expensive but absolutely the best there is.

Avoid any butcher who has everything in the shop already hacked into tiny pieces; these pieces get drier and stringier with every hour they sit around. Better to make for the shop that has whole carcasses hanging up, even if it means waiting a bit longer for the piece you want.

Beware also of any chops, steak or liver pre-packed in a cardboard tray; it may be convenient to carry home, but it will have extracted every last drop of juice from the meat by the time it gets there.

Since the true art of butchery seems to be on the wane, it is well to be equipped with the knowledge of a few boning

methods, and the equipment with which to do it.

A cleaver may make an unsuitable wedding present, but it is useful if you have forgotten to ask the butcher to cut up the bones and find they won't go in the pan; the flat sides can be used for beating steaks, pork fillet, etc.

A boning knife, having an extremely tough, narrow blade, can be slipped easily round complicated bones to pare away all the meat.

A good sharpener and a set of straight-sided, sharp-pointed French knives, a carving knife and fork, plus some metal skewers for securing boned meats are the only other vital pieces of equipment, but a ham knife is useful if you are in the habit of buying large hams or pieces of gammon.

Some ovens, for example fry and chitterlings, are hard to buy and disappearing fast, especially in the South of England, where it is also almost impossible to buy mutton.

Stews, daubes and casseroles almost always make use of the cheaper cuts of meat, which are best bought in a piece and cut up at home, when every morsel of sinew and gristle can be carefully trimmed away; these stringy bits never really become tender and make an otherwise good stew seem less of a treat.

Shin, ox-tail, ox-tongue and salt-heef, especially brisket, are often disappointingly tough and the reason is almost always the same—undercooking; they must be simmered very gently for up to four hours or even longer, and plenty of time must be allowed for this.

Since most daubes and casseroles reheat well, it is a very good idea to cook them the day before, so hungry people won't be kept waiting about for the ox-tail to get tender. It also gives you a chance to remove all the fat from the top, before reheating. This fat, clarified, can sometimes be used for dripping.

Caroline Conran

● Virginia Ironside's article last week on household savings clearly struck home. Readers sent many, many hundreds of Torii Tips and we will be publishing the best of these, and the £2 winners, next Sunday.

I can't bore her, he said, though all I need is half a chance.
Darrel Catling

Towards a floating standard of morality

THE archangel Raphael has not been getting much work these days, unlike Michael who has all that judging to do. That is, he didn't until the Kennedy family appointed him patron of their Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation, set up by Joseph P. Kennedy Sr in remembrance of his eldest son, who was lost in the Second World War.

Now Raphael is in charge of "enraptured children, the unruly craps of humanity who need a powerful advocate. His handsome unisex silhouette was presiding over the Kennedy International Awards and International Symposium on Human Rights, Religion and Research, to which for some reason I was invited.

The only other participant I was truly anxious to meet, Ivan Ilich, decided against coming at the last minute. Perhaps he, too, had been dissuaded by the flamboyant expenditure which produced, for one example, three telegrams of welcome, each of 150 words. At any rate, Eunice Shriver told me by way of explanation, his wasn't a very good excuse. I doubt if she'd have thought much of my excuse either, if I'd slunk off when the desperate wish formed itself. As it was I bore the patronage of the Kennedy dynasty and the archangel Raphael almost as long as I was supposed to.

The first event was a working dinner at the Shriver's where the academics and scientists found themselves mixing with such unworldly folk as Mother Teresa of Calcutta and Jean Vanier, founder of villages for the handicapped. "How many children do you have with you now, Mother?" someone asked Mother Teresa reverently. "Fifty," she answered simply. "Fifty, I thought in despair, and there are 200,000 non-retarded children already sentenced to death in refugee camps in India. Of course, Mother Teresa was entitled to her award, and to the argument of *hominem*



Germaine Greer attends a Kennedy symposium on retarded children

Malcolm Muggeridge's eulogy, but how could her great sanctity suffice to save the rest of us from the enormity of our shared guilt? How can we explain the compounded wrong of our continuing inability to intervene in this case of human distress?

When I lamented the luxury of indulging in discussions of fine points of ethics and human rights when millions of fully-developed and capable human beings were pleading for help in vain, the bishop at our table murmured, as he speared the soft thigh of his guinea-fowl: "Pakistan is the first of the irreversible disasters. The problem is simply beyond our resources."

Surely, I objected, the problem was a political one, not to be shuffled off as an ecological disaster. "Do you not think," the Bishop's bland voice resumed, "that the first great ecological disaster will appear to arise as a result of political manipulation?" I supposed I did, but—"You," said the professor next to me, "are the sort of person who grieves for the masses on the other side of the world, and is indifferent to the suffering of single retarded child." He beamed in full consciousness of virtue. I thought it was not so, entitled to her award, and to the argument of *hominem*

permitted no reply. The fumes of hypocrisy began to rise, dimming even the outline of Mother Teresa's simplicity.

The next morning we crept like vermin along the blank acres of red carpet between the sheer marble cliffs of the Kennedy centre, to watch one of our ethical conundrums presented to us in film: a mongrel child is born with no opening between stomach and intestine.

The hospital consults the parents, pointing out that if they do not operate the baby will die, and offering the parents the chance to refuse permission. The parents reject the child, and for fifteen days he starves to death. The hospital did no more than was legal. Technology could do no more for the tiny boy than starve him to death. An ignorant mother would have given him the breast, not discerning his abnormality. He would have aspirated her merciful milk and died at once. In the modern hospital the guilt was compounded time and again as more and more people came in contact with the child. No one had the courage to kill him outright, and no one had the love to defy the law and his parents and save his life.

The panel toyed with the problem, refusing to blame anyone, searching for a formula, in the same way that financial wizards have searched for ways of going off the gold standard and staying on it at the same time. We were after a floating standard of morality. The panelists seemed more anxious to relieve their consciences than anyone had been to relieve the child's pain.

At lunch we were entertained by retarded children, who had been taught various skills. And behold a boy came out amid the clattering of dishes and mused pop songs into a microphone, keeping his eyes fixed on the light above him. What, I thought, of the melodies that thronged his brain before they taught him to yell "Dream the impossible dream"?

A troupe of black children tumbled for us on the too-narrow stage, coming down with back-breaking thumps when their rubber mats shifted. An Indian boy, one of the handful that remains of his whole tribe, danced a prairie chicken dance and a waltz for us. His soft small feet flew and pattered like leaves on the wrinkled carpet.

"What would you reckon their I.Q. at, Bob?" one medico asked another. "Could be," he replied. Of course it could: they might have been pigeons playing ping-pong, if it were not for the faculties that were unteachable, their tenderness, their pride, some wild thing still imprisoned there. It is better to fly than to play ping-pong.

Some of the humanists on our panel did not manage to control their sense of outrage and enough to eat their lunch. When the time came, we put our academic hats on, and argued politely with B. F. Skinner, the man who invented the teaching method that got pigeons to play ping-pong and retardates (as they are called) to control themselves.

And in the evening we watched the Kennedy family honouring Skinner and Mother Teresa, in between sonorous readings from David Frost's clipboard.

When we got to the point of applauding a sickly son of Donovan's about outsize and Mary, immediately after a film of retarded children on an outing to Lourdes, I sneaked out and fled down the barren canyons of the Kennedy centre to the fresh air. A word of Camillo Torres floated unbidden into my mind: "The Catholic who is not a revolutionary is living in mortal sin." Could that have been Ilich's unsatisfactory reason for staying away?

by Germaine Greer and Times Newspapers Ltd. 1971

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Getting away from it all

CITY DWELLERS, dust-choked
and polluted of lung, often dream
about cottages in the Western
Isles or on the cliffs of Cornwall.
Some city dwellers even find a
cottage and retreat there. Not a
few city dwellers, unweary by
cold, silence, isolation and unco-
operative land, nip back to the
ringing telephones and traffic
jams rather sooner than planned.

Lesley Billingham, Sarah, 5,
Toggie, 3, Katy the dog, and
Machiavelli the cat, refugees from
the telephone, the materialistic
society and the temptations of
Biba, hope they have more
stamina and better luck. Two
months ago they all decamped
from Kensington High Street to
a stone farmhouse in Herodsfoot,
Cornwall, and to help them in
the struggle against nature they
have enlisted the help of Oliver
the cow and her new calf (sold
already for succulent roasts),
Bubbie and Squeak the pigs,
James the duck (nine other
ducks died and were sadly eaten),
and a small company of cocks and
hens, one or two of which Lesley
has lined up for a sumptuous coq
au vin. There's no point in living
off the land, says Lesley, unless
you can live like kings.

Lesley and her husband Roger
bought Tressarran Farm three
years ago as a holiday house, and
eight acres of stream, woodland
and vertical Cornish slopes came
with it. The house was in need
of rebuilding and when the
builders showed no sign of com-
pletion, Lesley stormed down to
Cornwall with baby Toggie and
moved into a house with no hot
water and a ladder for a stair-
case. Seeing that she was serious,
the builders soon finished it.

When the summers came
round, the Billingshams would
spend whole days on the beach,
sometimes sleeping out all night
and watching the sun rise over
the sea. Lesley became more and
more obsessed with the idea of
leaving London altogether, living
on the farm and making their
eight acres self-supporting. Then
this summer Roger set up in
business on his own, doing
guided tours, and it was the day
Lesley spent on the phone while

John Hadder



Lesley Billingham: a cow, a duck, and no regrets

the au pair took the children to
the park that were the final
straw. Roger wanted to stay in
London and pursue his career,
so Lesley took the children and
the animals and left.

What she knew about farming
when she started came from the
book she held in one hand while
pruning fruit bushes/milking the
cow/planting vines with the
other. The eight acres have
already yielded a fine crop of
blackberries and apples and
Lesley offers visitors voluptuous
slices of homemade bread with
blackberry and apple jam and
her own clover cream. The milk
and cream and butter from Oliver
—cheese is planned later—are
also exchanged for items like
fresh fish and vegetables.

"The barter system really
works down here. One of the
things I hated about London was
that money was pouring in and
pouring out again on absolutely
nothing. The kids are still a bit
hung up on money—they keep
asking for money to go to the
shop and buy sweets, but I hope
they'll get out of it."

The pigs are metaphorically
cut into joints and there are a
thousand Christmas trees waiting
to be sold. All of which is just
as well, since as yet, the money
is going out more than coming in.
Her husband gives her an allow-

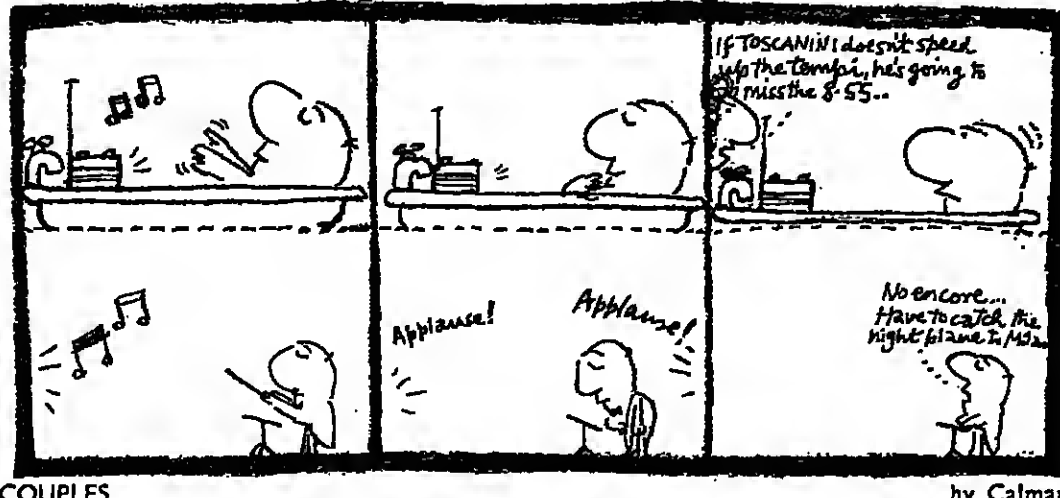
ance and she has an overdraft,
but she is finding out that vital
items like tools and hickets come
very expensive. More plans to
make money or to save it include
preserving food, curing sheep-
skins for coats, making pottery
and letting out half of the house
to holidaymakers.

Unlike some of the more starry-
eyed exiles from cities, Lesley
Billingham doesn't imagine culti-
vating her garden for ever. But
she is determined to make it work
for her and is realistic enough to
know that at this stage anything
could go wrong. If it did, she is
determined not to go back to
London but to move elsewhere
and try again. She doesn't feel
a pang of regret for her London
life.

"We lived just over the road
from Biba's and I used to go in
nearly every day. No, when I go
to London the thing that strikes
me most is how painted the girls'
faces are. Roger didn't want to
come because he felt somehow
that it was copping out but I
don't think it is at all. I really
don't think I've given up any-
thing to come here."

Lesley Garner

(who will visit Lesley Billingham
again next spring to see how she
has survived her first Cornish
winter)



COUPLES

by Calman

LOOK!

Good Queen Bess's battles

TO THE BRITISH shopper, hope-
fully protected against fraud by
measures men, New York's main
anti-swindling device may come
as something of a surprise. It is
a 48-year-old television per-
sonality and one-time Miss
America who can devastate an
opponent with a smile.

Bess Myerson is New York
City's Commissioner for Consumer
Affairs and an increasingly
powerful influence in the city's
official hierarchy. She achieves
publicity for her causes with the
same kind of ease as Mayor
Lindsay and she gets what she
wants from the city legislature.
When she was appointed in
1969, her critics rumbled about
"window dressing." But she was
soon equipped with a city law
which gave her jurisdiction over
"deceptive and unconscionable
trade practices."

Armed with this huge brief,
she has gone from strength to
strength, pushing through two
notable reforms. First, she has
introduced unit pricing. In New
York, this means that all super-
markets grossing more than \$2
million a year have to state not
only how much each packet or
sack costs but also the value per
pound, ounce or liquid measure
of whatever is inside it. The
idea is to give shoppers a genuine
chance to compare value for
money.

Another hold step has been to
require that from early next year
all eggs, baked goods and dairy
products shall bear in legible
form the last date on which they
can be sold or used as the best
method of storage. This should
not only cut down the number of
disturbed stomachs in Manhattan,
but also prevent the grocery
chains from off-loading ageing
foods in the ghettos.

Bess Myerson established New
York's Department of Consumer
Affairs as the most aggressive
official agency at city level in
the US, but they do not precisely
convey the flavour of the Myerson
operation. It is a razzle-dazzle,
highly personalised affair.

Bess Myerson sweeps off,
photographer under arm, to
check the scales in the markets
and find them wanting. Or she
launches a well-publicised assault
on adulterated hamburgers. Ham-
burgers are meant to be pure
beef but in city-wide lunch-
ette raid, the Myerson contingent
found that 44 per cent of the
hamburgers they bought were
stuffed with starch and soya flour
and excess fat. Bess Myerson
named the culprits and then set
about getting them out.

One of the great strengths of
her department is that it has the
power to issue licences, to seek
fines for breach of regulations
and in the last resort to with-
draw a licence. This, a Myerson
aide says, "pretty much means
they have to listen to us."

One most un-British aspect
of the consumer department is
that it relies heavily on the
volunteer labour of housewives
and retired people. They answer
the telephones—where almost all
complaints begin—clucking with
sympathy and outrage. Some-
times the part-time housewives
unofficially do things like pro-

mote the picketing of a particu-
larly avaricious supermarket.
There is also a sprinkling of law
students, especially during the
summer.

Among all these people, the
atmosphere is quite clearly one
of "we are going to get you
sooner or later, baby, so watch
out."

Harsh this may be but a look
at a few of the swindles Bess
Myerson's department has been
fighting lately gives some idea
of why a hard line may be called
for.

Take, for example, the case of
Vigilant, an American company
which was marketing burglar
alarms in the poor and frightened
districts of New York where sales
came remarkably easy. The
Fire Department investigated for
Bess Myerson and decided the
system was retailing at seven
times its manufacturing cost—
\$500 as against a mere \$75 to
make.

The consumer department law
enforcement chief discovered
that Vigilant salesmen said the
alarms would automatically call
the police, that customers could
cancel their contracts at any
time and that Vigilant would not

sue customers who stopped pay-
ing. None of these statements
was true. Nor was there much
reference to "cut-up hodies."

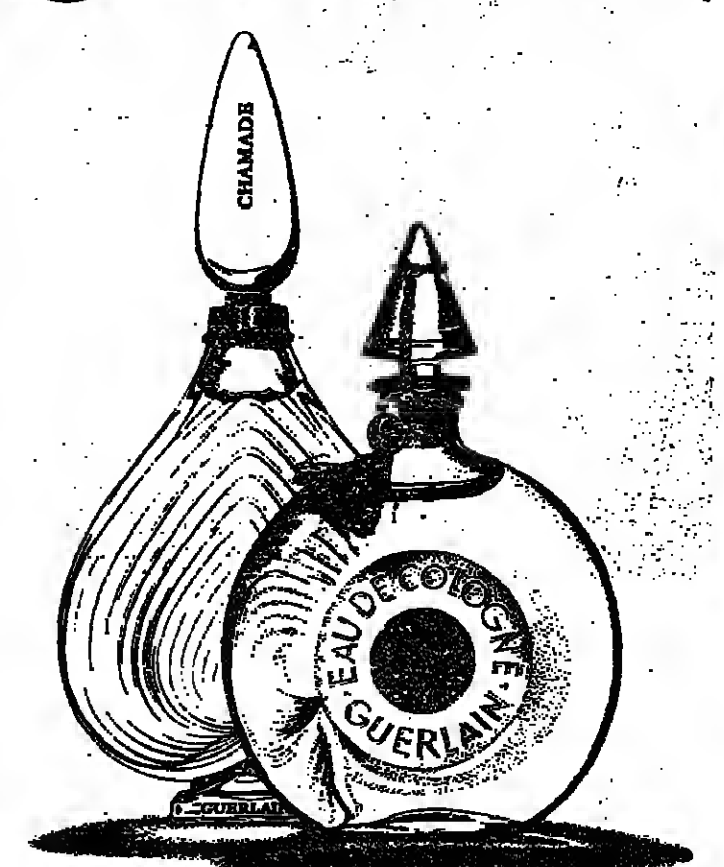
Bess Myerson wrote to no
fewer than 1,004 Vigilant cus-
tomers and told them they could
get their money back because
of a technical flaw in the Vigilant
sales procedure. She then took
the company to court and won
an astonishing judgment which
forbade Vigilant to sell to low-
income customers, enjoined the
company to make an open
declaration to every prospective
customer correcting previous
false statements—among other
things it stated specifically that
the system would not alert the
police—and to attach to its
summonses lists of all legal aid
and legal services available.

Another operation recently
brought to its knees was that of
a company which was offering
young men jobs in Europe sell-
ing oil shares. They were given
a full briefing, masses of docu-
mentation and an airline ticket. In
exchange they put down a \$3,000
deposit to show they were in
earnest—not just chasing a cheap
trans-Atlantic ticket. Of the
would go, only to discover that
the company had no European
offices and that they were stuck
on the wrong side of the water.
\$2,800 profit for the company
on each candidate.

Bess Myerson sometimes gets
into trouble by rushing in too far
ahead of the angels. But the fact
remains that because of her
extreme energy, her capacity for
charming, nagging and cajoling
and because she is always and
irrefutably on the side of "the
little guy who gets stomped on in
New York," she bids fair to make
the Mecca of the fast buck a
marginally more honest city.

INSIGHT Consumer Unit

GUERLAIN



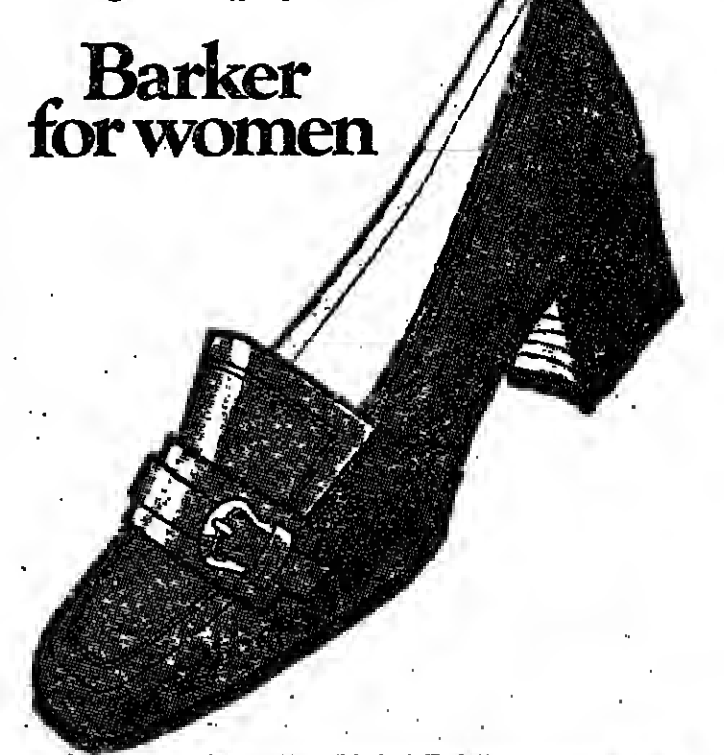
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Gods of Ancient Rome—

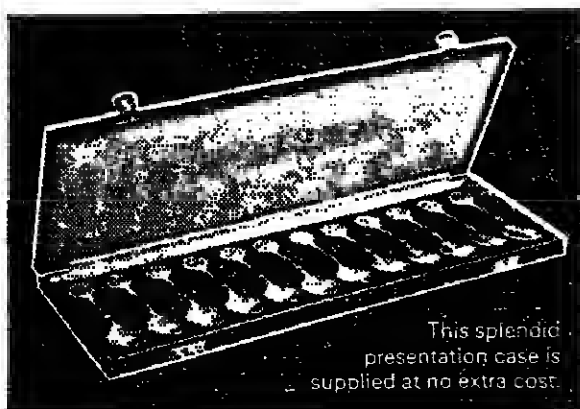
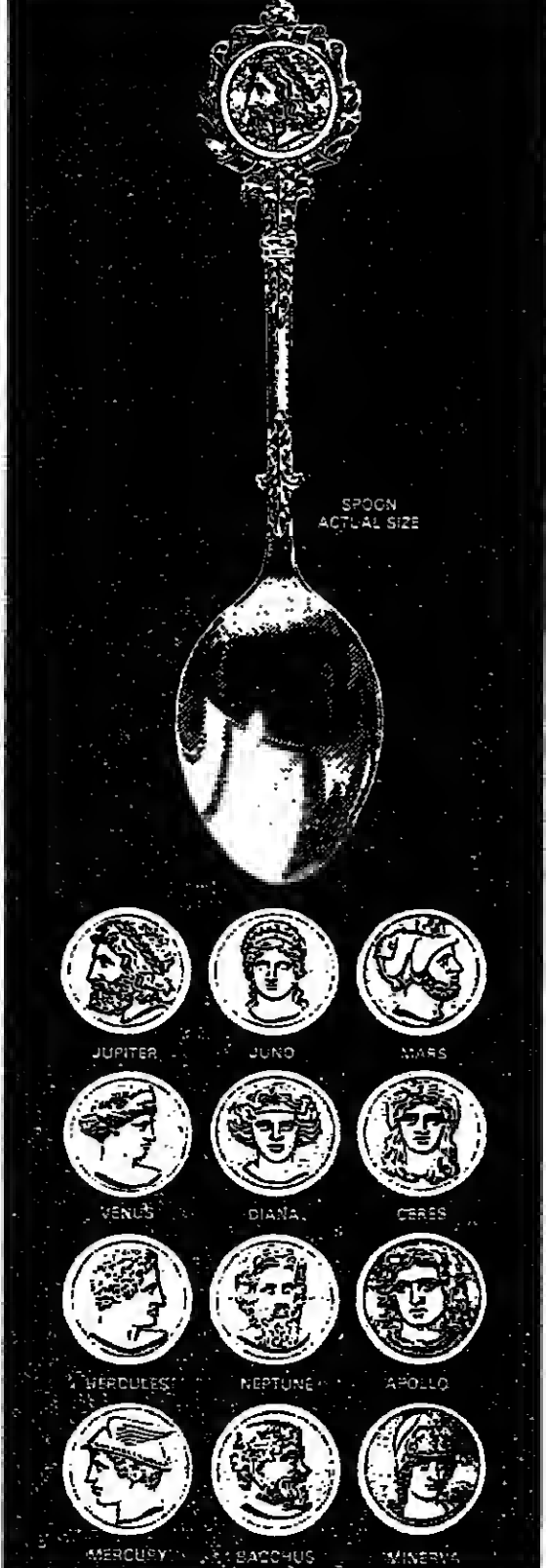
Jupiter, Lord of Olympus; Juno, God-
dess of Marriage and Motherhood; Mars,
God of War; Venus, Goddess of Love;
Diana, Moon Goddess and Huntress; Ceres,
Lady of the Harvest; Hercules, of the Twelve

Labours; Neptune, Ruler of the Ocean Deep;
Apollo, Healer and God of Prophecy; Mer-
cury, the Messenger; Bacchus, God of Wine
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IN MY FASHION

READY TO WHERE? by Ernestine Carter



JOAN JENKINS

Photograph by Kelvin Brodie
LEE RUDD

THE MARY QUANT STORY: (left to right), her parasol sleeve



in red seersucker, her blue hat, wing sleeved sweater over red



tights and yellow stockings; her smocked pinafore in blue cotton



sleeves; her full sleeves and ruffles in striped seersucker; her



kimono sleeves and side slit skirt. Shoes, boots,



sockings, tights all by Mary Quant. Photographs by John Cowan at Saffron Hill

is the name of the amazingly successful operation run by two young Americans based in London. It is, says Rudd, Chairman and founder, business consultancy for the fashion industry. "IM," adds Jo-Jenkins, Creative Director, "would be hard to find two more imaginative minds and harder to find two more articulate spellers."

Dark, handsome Lee Rudd had been an assistant to Bonnie Sherriff and John Weitz (both designers well known here, Miss Sherriff at Liberty, Mr Weitz at stin Reed), then as fashion coordinator to Flene's in Boston. In 1966 English-born Miss Rudd joined to come to London. "I started as a freelance," she says, "but people in America kept telling me to come to London. I had a few sketches or samples made, and suddenly I found three or four clients. Then I was asked to be an assistant. Now IM International has a staff of fifteen, has overhauled its headquarters in Quebec into an adjacent news use."

Minute, electric Jo-An Jenkins worked for Women's Wear for six and a half years, last two in their London office. She left WWD in April, 70, to join forces with Lee Rudd.

With an associate in New York they also have an office in Italy and one in Paris, publish a major fashion port each month. The October issue contains 52 pages (including three triple page pull-outs) fashion oews, with clever layouts and layout by David life, their art director, and informative copy.

Jo-An says, "We sense when new shape is beginning and its development into an aortant silhouette. We pull it together—the fabrics, colours, all, make-up. . . ."

In addition to the reports, once a month they send out their 250 subscribers in the

USA, Canada, Australia, Europe and England what they call "fliers," news flashes on new fabrics, new colours, new designers. These can be a single page or twelve pages. "Or more," adds Jo-An. "After interest our flier was 30 pages long." Subscription is £400 a year.

For these reports Miss Rudd and Miss Jenkins say they sniff the air in Italy, Paris, Scandinavia, Spain, the USA as well as here. They travel constantly, go back and forth to New York four or five times a year.

This is essential, for to them fashion is "really a sociological phenomenon. You must understand the times, the economic and political climate, know what people are doing, thinking." As an example they point to last summer's St. Tropez military look, a complete flop in the USA because of Vietnam.

Lee says: "Ours is a year-long story. Each issue is a continuation of the previous one." Jo-An adds: "We try to provide a record of the evolution of fashion."

But, however, is only part of IM's production. Clients began to ask them for information on men's wear. They started a men's wear book, but although it went well, they both felt that as their experience was mainly in women's wear, they needed a professional. They found him in Anthony King Deacon, ex-Men's Wear editor of The Times, and are now producing a bi-monthly report "completely focused on men's wear," at approximately the same subscription price.

Another new addition to their staff is Mrs Judith Steele, formerly of The Textile Council, who will be in charge of a fabric library which will be housed in the news cottage.

They also run a designer workshop, for they do special design collections. In the hopper is an autumn/winter 1972 sportswear collection for a huge American chain of stores, a Spring '72 collection for a Canadian firm.

As if this weren't enough, they also work on special contracts

for clients, such as the report they are just completing for a shoe company forecasting colours, fabrics, patterns for Spring 1973. The wonder is that they are only 15 to 16.

LAST week was our Ready-to-Wear Week. The Clothing Export Council say they are happy with the result. According to them 1,500 firms came to buy. The official figure given in Paris by M. Bruno du Roselle, government spokesman for the fashion industry, of the companies attending their Pret à Porter week was 4,000.

As these showings were aimed primarily at export, and as the Council keeps a specialist eye on this market, I asked Miss Rudd and Miss Jenkins why they thought their effort had lagged so far behind the French. "England is," they said, "the greatest in real, raw creativity, but you don't understand putting it into a commercial package."

Among our "greatest" creators, they list in order of admiration, Jean Muir ("a timeless designer whose clothes should be collectors' pieces"), Biba's Barbara Hulanicki and Mary Quant ("both commercial innovators who put together and package a complete story"), Foale & Tiffin ("in a miniature way enormously creative") and Ossie Clark ("an innovator whose influence is greater than his talent"). None of these designers showed at any of the Clothing Export Council's three centres.

I asked Miss Jenkins to come with me round Celanese House where the London Designer Collections were shown. We did not always see eye to eye. For example, she excites ideas in design, she chose Electric Fittings, Knitting Inc., and Simon Massey. For "excellence of design, workmanship and salability," she picked Hyman Becker for Cannibal, and Harriet. "But," she added earnestly, "you must remember we are very junior orientated."

I, too, liked Knitting Inc's multi-coloured abstract designs in single cashmere; Harriet's cleverly priced seersuckers and



JOHN BATES for Jean Varon: black linen mini-plum over black patterned cotton socke, together, £31.50 at Fifth Avenue, 256 Regent Street. From end January.



JOHN BATES for Jean Varon: cufian in Sekers-Australia's black and red printed Tricel jersey, red broid edged, £19 at Merie, 42 Sloane St. From end January.

KEEPING UP With openers:

● Last Monday the 101 year old firm of Shipton & Co. opened their first London shop at 39 Sloane Street. Shipton's director and designer, Lord May, stresses simplicity. His emphasis is on the use of stooes, and he says he thinks of gold and silver only as mountings. Prices are as attractive as the jewellery—from £1.75 up. They also make to order special designs.

● Last Wednesday at 78 Fulham Road, Angela Huth and Colin Crewe opened Night Owls, a pink and white shop selling American nightwear for girls of four years upward. Everything is cotton: brushed, flower sprigged, mattress ticking, stupeid, tartan checked, leopard printed or quilted. Prices from £2.60 to £12.

● On November 28, Michaeljohn are opening a hairshop for men at 6 Carlos Place. David Sage, who did the handsome Michaeljohn salon for women, has also done the new one. The colour scheme is navy, beige, and chrome. Robes are blue, and white Oxford shirting by David Watts of Jaeger.

Beside hairdressing and manicures, gentlemen are offered a chance to shop (shirts, ties, knitwear, suede), food, shoe shines and individual TV.

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ABERDUR - FIFE - SCOTLAND



botanical prints; Cannibal's leather-trimmed Courtelle jerseys; Simon Massey's baby dresses in seersucker and fine stripes. But being less junior-minded, I also liked John Bates' minipinnies over bold prints, his mad catfuns, the coherence of his whole collection; Gerald McCann's hatwing sleeved matte jersey.

But despite individual excellence the overall effect was diffuse. Next to Mary Quant's own showing (sampled above), it just plain lacked clout.

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Personal

continued from preceding page

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